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FROM THE BEQUEST OF

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MELODIES

FROM THE GAELIC,

AND

ORIGINAL POEMS,

With Notes on the superstitions of the Highlanders, &c.

BY

DONALD MACPHERSON.

"A wanderer in this wilderness of gloom,
A pensive minstrel of the north country;
Misfortune's frost had nipped his early bloom,
And nought of wealth save mountain harp had he;
Yet, 'midst his cares, and woes, and grief,
That mountain harp would yield relief."

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS AND GEORGE UNDERWOOD,
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DEDICATION.

TO MAJOR GENERAL SAMUEL SWINTON.

Sir,

I, at length, avail myself of the kind permission you granted me, many years ago, to lay my Poems at your feet. Should they find their way to posterity, it gives me pleasure to think that my esteem for your character, and reverence for your virtues, will accompany them. But, should they experience a different fate, it will add, greatly, to my disappointment, that my sentiments cannot be written on less perishable materials, and that the

knowledge of my gratitude for the many acts of kindness I have received from you, must be limited to a period of time so far short of my wishes.

I am, Sir,

Your most devoted,

most obedient,

and much obliged

humble Servant,

DONALD MACPHERSON,

Chelsea, 28th May,
1824.

PREFACE.

The Author feels much diffidence in introducing his book to the world; and much anxiety respecting the reception it may meet with. The pieces it contains were written at different periods, between the age of sixteen and thirty-two, in the course of a military life of fourteen years; and, of course, never intended for publication. During the greater part of that time, the Author laboured under the influence of ill health, and these trifles served him as so many charms to arrest the hand of Pain. Since, however, motives more urgent than even "The love of Fame," have induced him to resolve on publishing, he has spared no pains in order to render them as perfect as he could: and, in justice to his own intentions, and out of respect to his readers, he must say, that if he did not think them now worthy of attention, no motives, however pressing, could urge him to obtrude them on the Public.

But, if he has, notwithstanding, failed, and *honest* criticism, after fairly considering all these

circumstances, must strip him of every pretension to poetic merit, he trusts that he possesses, at least, sufficient philosophy to enable him to bear the disappointment without repining.

The Songs being unaccompanied with the music, the Author has done all in his power to render them as independent of that elegant auxiliary as possible; yet he must beg of the courteous reader, to make due allowance for the disadvantages under which they must still appear; especially as the greater number of the airs to which they are adapted are generally unknown.

For some trifles, at the end of the Volume, he craves particular indulgence. They were inserted for the sake of a few private friends, to whose knowledge of the incidents that gave rise to them they owe all their interest.

To those friends who have so generously interested themselves in his welfare, and to his subscribers in general, the Author offers his warmest and most grateful thanks. They have afforded him what, without their assistance, he could never hope for;—a *chance* of attaining that distinction so dear to every poet's heart.

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IMITATIONS

FROM THE GAELIC,

AND

ORIGINAL SONGS

ADAPTED TO GAELIC AIRS.

SONGS,

&c.

SONG I.

FROM THE GAELIC.

AIR—*John Roy Stewart's Lament for Lady M^cIntosh.*—*

1.

O, WHAT is lovelier than the beam
That gilds the mountain's brow,
Ere rosy Phœbus' orient blush
Illumes the vale below?
The dimpling smile and youthful grace
That sweetly deck my Mary's face,
Are lovelier than the dawning beam
That gilds the mountain's brow.

* See Stewart's and Gillies's Collections of Gaelic Poems.

II.

O, what is fairer than the cana,
  Waving in the breeze,
When summer laughs in flow'ry pride,
  And verdure clothes the trees?
    My Mary's snowy neck and breast,
    By many a lurking Cupid prest,
Are fairer than the downy cana
  Waving in the breeze.

III.

O, what is sweeter than the heath
  That waves in crimson bloom,
And gives the wanton vagrant air
  Its fragance and perfume?
    The balmy tide zephyrus sips,
    From Mary's ruby glowing lips,
Is sweeter than the fragrant heath
  That waves in crimson bloom.

IV.

O, who is happier than the king
That wears the regal crown,
While willing nations prostrate fall
Before his glittering throne?
Yes, I'm by far a happier man
Than royal splendour ever can
Make the most proud or potent king,
For Mary is my own.

SONG II.

FROM THE GAELIC.

AIR—*Mari Laoghach.*[b]

CHORUS.

SWEET the rising mountains, red with heather bells;
Sweet the bubbling fountains and the dewy dales;
Sweet the snowy blossom of the thorny tree!
Sweeter is young Mary of Glensmole to me.

I.

Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
When Glensmole is dress'd in all the pride of May.—
And, when weary roving through the greenwood glade,
Softly to recline beneath the birken shade.

Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

II.

There to fix my gaze, in raptures of delight,
On her eyes of truth, of love, of life, and light—
On her bosom, purer than the silver tide,
Fairer than the *cana* on the mountain's side.

Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

III.

What were all the sounds contriv'd by tuneful men,
To the warbling wild-notes of our sylvan glen?
Here the merry lark ascends on dewy wing,
There the mellow mavis and the black-bird sing.

Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

IV.

What were all the splendour of the proud and great
To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?
From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
Rosy health does court us on the mountain gale.

Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

V.

Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
With the countless riches of her subject seas,
I would scorn the change for blisses such as these.
Sweet the rosy mountains, &c.

SONG III.

AIR—"*Cuir a chin dilis Tharam do Lamh :*"[c]

CHORUS.

O, MY love, leave me, leave me, leave me,
O, my love, leave me not to despair !
The charms that have wounded alone can relieve me,
O, my love, leave me not to despair !

I.

The breath of my love's like the breath of the morn;
Like morning's bright beam is the glance of her *ee* ;
Her bosom is pure as the bloom of the thorn ;
Her voice is the song of the *mavis* to me.
O, my love, leave me, &c.

II.

And canst thou forget, then, how often the grove,
Within the green bosom of yon woody vale,
Has smiled, as we whispered our vows of true love;
Vows lighter to thee than the breath of the gale.
O, my love, leave me, &c.

III.

But those vows are to me even a part of the soul;
Wherever I wander on life's stormy sea,
My heart, like the magnet, still true to the pole,
Beats only to love—and to love only thee.
O, my love, leave me, &c.

IV.

And canst thou forget how I oft would compare
Thy ripe ruby lips to the fragrant heath-bell;
And gathered such flowers to deck thy brown hair,
As only the bloom of thy cheeks could excel?
O, my love, leave me, &c.

V.

I've seen the fair morning, the fairest in June,
Obscured by the pelting of wind and of rain;
I've seen the day brighten again before noon,
And smile o'er the hills, and the vales, and the plain.
O, my love, leave me, &c.

VI.

And my morning of love, by the gloom of disdain,
Has been early o'ercast, though the pride of the year;
But thy smile, like the sun that enlivens the plain,
Can bid the bright noon-tide of hope re-appear.

CHORUS

O, my love, leave me, leave me, leave me,
O, my love, leave me not to despair!
The charms that have wounded alone can relieve me;
O, my love, leave me not to despair!

SONG IV.

AIR—*Erim o Molly Aiken.* *

I.

FARE ye well, ye rising mountains,
Where I've often chas'd the deer;
Fare ye well, ye crystal fountains
And ye murmuring burnies clear.
Fare ye well, Braes of Laggan!
O'er the sea I must go.

II.

Fare thee well, my native cottage,
Where I've oft, in artless rhimes,
To the listening mountain-beauties,
Sung love-tales of other times.[d]
Fare ye well, &c.

* See McNeil's Poems.

III.

Fare ye well, ye spreading mosses,
Waving with the Cana's plume;
Fare ye well, ye verdant meadows,
Speckled with the daisy's bloom.
Fare ye well! &c.

IV.

Fare ye well, ye winding grottos,
And ye oozy caverns grey;
Fare ye well, ye gloomy forests,
And adieu, ye Banks of Spey.
Fare ye well! &c.

V.

Fare ye well, ye lakes whose billows
Glitter in the morning's glow;
Fare ye well, ye waving willows,
And ye flowery vallies low.
Fare ye well! &c.

VI.

Fare thee well, thou sacred circle,
Where the nodding yew-trees grow,
Round the mouldering moss-grown mansion
Where my fathers' dust lies low.
Fare ye well! &c.

VII.

'Tis not all the woes and perils,
Like a lowering wintry sky,
Gathering in a storm around me,
That could urge the bitter sigh.
Fare thee well! &c.

VIII.

I could bid adieu to Laggan,
From my friends and kindred part;
But, to leave my dearest Morag,
It will break her faithful heart.
Fare ye well! &c.

SONG V.

AIR—*Roy's Wife.*

CHORUS.

WILL ye go to Aldavallich?
Will ye go to Aldavallich?
Sweet the mellow mavis sings,
Amang the braes of Aldavallich.

I.

There, beneath the spreading boughs,
Among the woods of green Glenfallich,
Softly murmuring as it flows,
Winds the pure stream of Aldavallich.
Will ye go to Aldavallich, &c.

II.

The first golden smile of morn,
And the last beam that evening shedeth,
Both that echoing vale adorn—
That brightly glows, this mildly fadeth.
Will ye go, &c.

III.

Short is there hoar winter's stay,
When spring returns like Hebe-blooming—
Hand in hand with rosy May,
With balmy breath the air perfuming,—
Will ye go, &c.

IV.

Brushing o'er the diamond dew,
While Phœbus casts a lengthened shadow,
There the fairest maiden's pu'
The fairest flowers that deck the meadow.
Will ye go, &c.

V.

But there's a flower, a fairer flower
Than ever grew in green Glenfallich,
The blooming maiden I adore,
Young blithesome May of Aldavallich.
Will ye go, &c.

VI.

Let me but pu' this opening rose,
And fondly press it to my bosom—
I ask no other flower that blows,
Be mine this modest little blossom.
Will ye go, &c.

SONG VI.

THE BANKS OF BEAULY.

AIR—*Ghille chrubich anns' a' Ghleann"*—*

I.

THE sky is clear unclouded blue ;
Softly sing the lark and linnet ;
Morning smiles, in diamond dew,
Upon the banks of Beauly.
The daisy white, the vi'let blue,
The primrose peeping to the view,
And many a flower of brighter hue,
Adorn the banks of Beauly.—

* This tune is commonly called Miss Drummond of Perth's Strathspey.

II.

Stately swans, in snowy pride,
Sing their dying notes of sorrow,
As, with downy breasts, they glide
Along the waves of Beauly.
The lowing kine, the lambs at play,
The blackbird on the vocal spray,
Salute the rising eye of day,
Upon the banks of Beauly.

III.

Come then, Mary, to yon dell,
All among the hazel bushes;
Hear my vows, and let me tell
Thee how I love thee truly.
Nor vi'let blue, nor rosy briar,
Nor primrose to the infant year,
As thou to me, are half so dear,
Young blooming maid of Beauly.

SONG VII.

AIR—*Tha n'oiche nochd ro anranach 's an Geamradh fada fuar*"—

I.

O LONG and dreary is the night,
And heavy is the day;
And sad and silent are the hours
When thou art far away.

When thou art far away, my love,
When thou art far away;
O long and dreary is the night
When thou art far away.

II.

O sweet the blossom on the thorn,
And sweet the new-mown hay;
But ah! to me no fragrance breathes
When thou art far away.

When thou art far away, my love,
When thou art far away;
No more the summer smiles for me
When thou art far away.

III.

O sweet the bonnie blooming heath,
And sweet the morn in May;
But nature has no sweets for me
When thou art far away.

When thou art far away, my love,
When thou art far away;
'Tis gloomy winter all around
When thou art far away.

IV.

Then hasten, Donald, back to me,
No longer stay away;
Then cheerfully shall summer smile,
And all be blythe and gay.
No longer stay away, my love,
No longer stay away;
But bring that peace I never know
When thou art far away.

SONG VIII.

AIR—" *Pog a' nochd agus pog an roir.*"

I.

THOUGH December to others seems bleak and severe,
'Tis the dearest to me of the circling year;
For it gave me a treasure, in giving a wife,
A lovelier flow'r than e'er spring brought to life.

II.

Though December to others seems bleak and severe,
'Tis the dearest to me of the circling year;
For it gave me two lips that outrival the rose,
And a bosom that's purer than new-driven snows.

III.

It gave me a breath sweet as vernal perfume;
It gave me two cheeks of the loveliest bloom;
It gave me two eyes that are brighter than dew;
And it gave me a heart that is faithful and true.

IV.

Then welcome, December, though hoary with snow,
Thou art dearer to me than the summer's bright glow;
And my Mary, the treasure thou gavest to me,
Shall be dear when grown hoary and ancient like thee.

V.

When her beauty and bloom shall have yielded to age,
As the beauties of nature now yield to thy rage,
Then dear shall she be as the light of my eyes,
For her fond faithful heart is the jewel I prize!

SONG IX.

FAREWELL.

AIR—" *Solc a bhean a' throd u reom.*"—*

1.

FRIENDS of my soul! friends of my heart!
Since fate declares we soon must part,
Let mirth and humour, ere we go,
Once more give smiles to every brow;
This festive board be friendship's shrine,
And from this sparkling rosy wine,
Once more libations let us pour,
Before we part to meet no more.

* This is the Logan water of the Lowlands

II.

Thou first best gift of heaven above!
Thou bright celestial beam of love!
How quick, at thy benign controul,
Despair and anguish fly the soul!
Hail, friendship! hail! without thy aid,
This world were all a dreary shade;
Thy voice can every ill beguile,
And teach e'en grief to wear a smile.)

III.

Farewell! a long and last farewell!
What pangs within that word 'farewell!'
Ye dear companions of my heart,
To meet no more, alas! we part—
Yet let's rejoice that we have met,
And in our breasts remembrance sweet
Full oft arise, till life decays,
Of former happy, happy days.

IV.

Adieu for me, where'er I go,
The social hours I've spent with you,
When sparkling wit and smiling mirth
Forgot that care was on the earth;
And friendship crown'd the generous bowl,
And sweetly flowd from soul to soul,
Shall in my glowing bosom dwell—
And so farewell! a last farewell!

SONG X.

MAY.

To the foregoing Air.

I.

THE balmy breath of blooming May
Makes all our hills and valleys gay;
Young Flora decks our rosy bowers
With gay ambrosia breathing flowers,—
The warbling songsters of the grove
So sweetly chaunt their voice of love,
And wake to melody each spray,
To hail the lovely blooming May!

II.

Bright Phœbus sheds his amber dew;
All nature brightens at the view;
The fields and forests all are green,
And naught but love and joy is seen.
The lowing kine and bleating flocks
Blythe wander o'er our glens and rocks;
And kids and lambkins sport and play,
To hail the lovely blooming May.

III.

The primrose and the daisy spring,
And o'er the mead sweet fragrance fling,
The lily smiles with maiden air,
And roses bud upon the briar,—
The yellow broom is fair to view,
And humble vi'let's darkly blue;
And snow-white hawthorn's blossoms gay,
Perfume the breath of gentle May!

IV.

When smiling Morning lifts her eye,
And paints with gold the glowing sky,
Behold the rose-complexion'd lass,
Light tripping o'er the tender grass,
Along the dew-bespangl'd dale,
So gaily with her milking pail;
How sweet she sings her artless lay,
To hail the lovely blooming May!

V.

Then, dear Eliza, let us go
Where Calder's winding streamlets flow
Their shining pebbly beds along,
And listen to the mavis' song;
There, all beneath the birken boughs,
I'll gather flowers to deck thy brows,
And talk of love the live-long day,
Among the sweets of blooming May!

VI.

We'll kiss and toy, and toy and kiss,
And take our full of heavenly bliss,
Nor envy all the pomp and state
Attendant on the proud and great;
Upon a bed by nature dress'd,
I'll fondly clasp thee to my breast,
'And in soft raptures melt away,'
Among the blooming sweets of May!

SONG XI.

GLEN TROOM.

Air—"*Se 'nt' Earach a 's gur math leam e*"—*

CHORUS.

The milk-white thorn and the yellow broom,
And the waving birk, in vernal bloom,
Blithe Nature weaves in her fairy loom,
A mantle gay for sweet Glen-Troom.

I.

The voice of song on every spray,
Proclaims the coming month of May,
Since Spring has chased the hoary gloom,
That spread awhile o'er sweet Glen-Troom.

The milk-white thorn, &c.

* This is a very ancient Gaelic Air, the same as The White Cockade.

II.

The shepherd drives his fleecy care,
O'er mountains wide and pastures rare,
Since Phœbus' glowing beams relume
The summer *Sheils* of sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.

III.

The moor-cock leads his speckled bride
Along Loch-Erroch's sunny side,
Since Love and Mirth their reign resume
O'er all that live in sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.

VI.

Our lads are brave, our lasses fair,
Our *burnies* clear, and pure our air;
And Plenty's horn is never toom,
Among the braes of sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.

V.

Then lassie leave the city's noise,
And share with me the thousand joys,
That rise around my happy home,
Among the braes of sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.

SONG XII.

"AIR—*Tha durachd mo chri' dhut*"

CHORUS.

O DEAR to the mother the *bairn* on her knee,
And sweet to the captive the hour he set free;
And dear is the bosom of Spring to the bee,
But dearer and fairer my Mary to me.

I.

The first time I saw her, when scarcely sixteen,
Wi' the bright beaming glance of her dark rolling een,
My heart frae my bosom a captive she staw,
And has that heart a keeping, tho' far, far awa.

O dear to the mother, &c.

II.

I've long been a wanderer on many a shore,
From India's fair climate to wild Labradore;
I've seen full many a fair maid, but none ever saw
Sae fair as my Mary that's far, far awa.
O dear to the mother, &c.

III.

The day that we parted ere I gaed to sea,
(O sad was the moment to Mary and me !)
As I kissed off her tears that like dew-drops did fa'
She promised aye to loe me tho' far, far awa.
O dear to the mother, &c.

IV.

O dear are thy vales Caledonia to me;
Thou birth-place of heroes, the brave and the free,
Thy rough rising mountains high covered wi' snaw,
The land where my Mary lives far, far awa.
O dear to the mother, &c.

V.

Should Fortune, my Mary, with favouring smile,
With riches reward all my pains and my toil,
Her gifts shall be thine, and heart without flaw;
And I never mair shall leave thee to rove far awa.
O dear to the mother, &c.

SONG XIII.

" AIR—*Mhari mhin mheallshuilach dhubh.*"

CHORUS.

BRIGHT thy eye, snowy thy neck,
Soft thy smile modest and meek,
Red the rose blooms on thy cheek,
My young lovely Mary.

I.

No lordly dame with courtly air,
By Fashion dress'd in costly gear,
Can e'er to me seem half so fair,
As my young lovely Mary.
Bright thy eye, &c

II.

Let Fortune scowl with threatening eye,
Come weal, come wae, I carena by,
Life's checquered paths I'll blithely try,
With my young lovely Mary.
Bright thy eye, &c.

SONG XIV.

AIR—"*Thuirt iad gun robh smaoisan 's a Mhullin dubh.*"

I.

THERE lives a lass in yonder glen,
The fairest lass, the dearest lass;
O, were that lassie ance my ain,
Gie crowns to them wha' choose' em!
Young Love sits smiling aye between
Her bright and pawky rovin' een,
The daisy on the dewy green
Less pure is than her bosom.

II.

Her lips are like twa rose-buds,
When Summer's breath perfumes the heath,
And round the bush the roe scuds
To crop the fairest flowers:
Her smile is like the morning's ee,
Her lovely smile, mair dear to me
Than to the thirsty earth can be
The saft descending showers.—

III.

Let the soft voice of Pleasure,
With syren song, delude the throng:
Let Av'rice count her treasure,
And dig the glowing mine, love,
Let Fortune's sun on others shine
Be mine to press thy form divine
To this fond faithful heart of mine,
And hear thee say "I'am thine love!"

SONG XV.

AIR—" *An Gligram chos* ' "

I.

COMING through the silent glen,
That skirts yon flowery meadow.
I met a maid whose beauties rare
A saint might bow the knee to.—

II.

Her form was straight, her eyes were bright,
Her cheeks were fair and rosy;
Her lips were ripe and wooed to taste—
The place was snug and cozie.

III.

Her neck was like the downy swan;
Her breath the hawthorn's blossom—
And, oh! I'll love 'that peerless maid
While life shall warm my bosom.

SONG XVI.

AIR—"*Deoch slainte na 'n Gaisgeach.*"

I.

O, WHY do those heath-bells, so fresh and so blooming,
Give fragrance that heath-bells could ne'er give before?
A wanton young Zephyr, while lately a roaming,
Found Mary asleep in a green shady bower;
He gently stole nigh,—the pilferer sly!—
And loaded his wings with the balm of her breath,
And as he flew by, in a whispering sigh,
He scattered the fragrance on yon blooming heath.

II

O, why does the rose-bud that grows on yon thorn,
Outrival in beauty, resplendence of dye,
The brightest and fairest effulgence of morn,
That spreads like a mantle of light on the sky?
A Zephyr that left the fair bosom of Spring,
Where Zephyrs their dewy ambrosia sip,
Found Mary asleep, as he flew on light wing,
And he gave to yon rose what he stole from her lip.—

III.

O, why does the daisy that smiles through the dew,
As it rears its meek head in the valley below,
All flowers excelling, seem fairer to view,
Than the brow of yon mountain when covered with snow?
A Zephyr of Summer stole into the breast,
Of Mary, as through the green valley he flew,
And the hue of her bosom the vagrant imprest,
On yon daisy that smiles through the sparkling dew.

SONG XVII.

IMITATED FROM THE GAELIC.

AIR—"*Feasgar Luain, a's mi air chuairt—*"

I.

'TWAS when the heath put on the bell,
And birks in a' their pride were seen,
And a thousand wild-flowers decked the dale,
And Nature smiled to view the scene,
As on Loch-Laggan's margin green,
Just as the orient sun-beams rose,
I mused alone, a maid was seen
Beneath the spreading hazel boughs.—

II.

Her cheeks were like the *rowan* red,
Her neck was like the *Cana* fair;
Her eyes were like the diamond dew,
In *wrestling* ringlets [k] flowed her hair:
With softest caution I drew near,
To gaze upon the vision bright,—
Perfection's hand could do nae mair,—
She was a beam of life and light. [l]

III.

She sang till Echo far and near,
Through all her rocks and caverns rang,
The soul of heavenly sounds was there,
You'd think twas Concord's self that sang—
I, like a lifeless statue, hung
On the celestial harmony;
And aye the burden of her song
Was, Colin, haste to love and me.—

IV.

While thus she sang, I looked around,
And lo! a youth of manly air,
Came o'er the moss with many a bound,
And bent his way where sat the fair—
'Twas Colin,—and the lovely pair
Embrac'd, in extacies of joy,—
I wished them bliss for ever mair,
As with light heart I took my way.—

SONG XVIII.

I.

Ye bonnie bonnie hills, by yon green wood side!
Ye wild winding streamlets that murmuring glide!
How happy have ye seen me with my lovely bride!
" But now she's for ever laid low.—

II.

Thou mavis that sing'st in the gay beams of morn,
How pleased did we list to thy voice from yon thorn!
But now since my Morag's for ever from me torn,
Thy song but adds weight to my woe.—

III.

Ah, Death! cruel Death! could not youth's fairest bloom,
And beauty and virtue arrest thy hard doom?
And save my soul's delight from the cold silent tomb,
And avert for awhile thy fell blow?

IV.

Now farewell, ye hills! and ye greenwoods adieu!
Ye wild birds, no more can your carols renew
My pleasure, for Morag is lost to my view,
And my sorrows for ever must flow.—

SONG XIX.

AIR—" *Mo nighean du' tha boigheach du'.*

I.

My peace is fled; I cannot rest,
The tale I tell most true is;
My heart's been stolen from my breast
By lovely Nancy Lewis.

II.

Fair is the blossom of the thorn,
And bright the morning dew is;
But sweeter than the dewy morn,
The smiles of Nancy Lewis.—

III.

The eye that's sparkling black I love,
Aye, more that which blue is;
And thine are like two stars above,
And sloe-black, Nancy Lewis.—

IV.

Alas! alas! their power I feel,
My bosom pierced right through is,
In pity then that bosom heal,
My charming Nancy Lewis.

V.

O bless me with thy heaven of charms,
And take a heart that true is—
While circling life my bosom warms,
I'm thine, dear Nancy Lewis.—

SONG XX.

THE NEAT BROWN BOY.

AIR—"*An Gille du' ciar du'.*"[m]

I.

Now harmony floats on the voice of the morning,
To hail the gay bright beaming summer returning;
In mantles of verdure the vallies adorning,
The woodlands re-echo with wild notes of joy.

II.

The pulse of young Pleasure beats high e'en to madness,
No brow without smiles, and no heart without gladness,
Save mine, which, alone, full of sorrow and sadness,
Still sighs for my young, gallant, neat brown boy.

III.

No more in the glens that our loves used to witness,
The wild bounding roe shall I rival in fleetness;
My cheek's lost its roses, my song's lost its sweetness,
Since far, far away is my neat brown boy.

IV.

They promise me titles, they promise me treasure,
If I would forsake him, but what can give pleasure
To Love's bleeding bosom? Can Time cease to measure
His round? or can I cease to think of my boy?

V.

I would smile at the world in pursuit of a toy,
From yon spreading wild, with no care to annoy,
And possess what proud grandeur can never enjoy,
Content—in a cave, with my neat brown boy.

SONG XXI.

THE HUNTER OF THE MOOR.

A BALLAD. [n]

AIR—"*Soraidh slan do'n ailegan.*"

I.

SEE where the evening sunbeams shine,
With soft departing ray,
Upon the bosom of yon glen,
Among the mountains gray ;
And see yon neat and lowly cot,
Whose thatch is moss-grown o'er,—
All in that cot young Donald lived,
The hunter of the moor.

II.

O, fair and ruddy were his cheeks,
His locks of lovely brown;
His smile was like the summer morn,
His wrath the storm's frown.
To make him all a maid could wish,
Kind Nature culled her store;
He was the flower of all the vale,
The hunter of the moor.

III.

When winter blew, with biting breath,
Among the mountains drear,
Right fearlessly he sought the heath,
And chased the dark-brown deer;
Tho' the frozen North came blustering forth,
With visage grim and hoar,
No terror seized th' intrepid soul
Of the hunter of the moor.

IV.

On Calder's bonnie winding banks,
In beauty's bloom and pride,
To gain the youthful hunter's love,
Full many a maiden sighed;
And there was one above the rest,
Young Donald did adore,
But she could countless thousands tell,
And he, alas! was poor!

V.

And dearly did the maid again
Return the hunter's love;
But, ah! her sire, a haughty Thane,
Would not their loves approve—
Iberia by the treacherous Gaul,
Was drenched in native gore,
And Donald went to seek for fame
Upon a foreign shore.—

VI.

Th' unconquered warriors of the North,
For freedom took the field,
And taught, like their brave sires of yore,
Proud Gallia's sons to yield;
But tho' triumphant Victory's hand,
Britannia's lion bore,
She mourned, among her heroes slain,
The hunter of the moor.

VII.

Exulting Fame with tidings flew
To Albion's stormy wild,
And Scotia list'ning to her tale,
Alternate, wept and smiled;
And as she moved in triumph forth,
As she'd done oft before,
A wreath of sad funereal yew,
Around her brows she wore.

VIII.

The maid of Calder sought the bower,
Where Donald oft she'd met,
And gave to love the passing hour,
And parted with regret,—
No tear relieved her swelling grief,
But soon her grief was o'er—
Her faithful bosom heaved—it burst—
She fell to rise no more.—

IX.

And still, as Spring the infant year,
Enrobes in mantle green,
Around fair Morag's mouldering grave,
The village maids are seen—
They deck the hallowed heaving turf,
With many a lovely flower,
And mourn the faithful maid that died
For the hunter of the moor.—

SONG XXII.

MORAG.

IMITATED FROM THE GAELIC.

CHORUS.

My earliest love was Morag,
And still I love my Morag;
I never loved but Morag,
And ne'er *can* love but Morag.

I.

The tongue of Slander may, love,
When I was far away, love,
Have whispered in thy ear, love,
That I was insincere, love:
But, ah! to doubt forbear, love.
My earliest love, &c.

II.

Canst thou forget the wild wood,
Where passed our days of childhood,
And where we wandered free, love,
When youth was full of glee, love,
And thou wert all to me, love?
Then how I love thee, Morag!

III.

Where Calder murmuring flows, love,
To deck thy breast and thy brows, love,
The gayest flowers, I chose 'em,
But the daisy's whitest blossom,
Looked pale on thy fair bosom.
My earliest love was, &c.

IV.

The swan shall cease to lave, love,
Upon the crystal wave, love,
The grass shall cease to grow, love,
The streams shall cease to flow, love,
Ere I forget my vow, love,
My earliest, &c.

ORIGINAL SONGS.

SONG XXIII.

SCOTIA.

TUNE—"*John of Badenyon.*"

I.

"WHEN Scotia, heavenly maid, was young"?
('Tis since full many a year;)
She lightly tripped the heath among,
And chased the dark-brown deer;
And all beneath the birken shade,
Right merrily sung she,
And aye the burden of her song
Was, "Scotia shall be free."

II.

Upon a mountain's misty brow,
Stern Independence stood,
His manly breast was in a glow,
When thus the maid he viewed;
He wooed and won the lovely fair,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
And angel music hailed the rite
With, "Scotia shall be free."

III.

Old Time on eagle pinions flew,
And Valour saw the light,
Their eldest born, a blooming boy—
It filled them with delight:
No cradle but the flowery grass,
Or blooming heath had he;
They hushed him with the lullaby
Of, "Scotia shall be free."

IV.

The next that blessed their anxious view,
Was a fair female child—
Her mother's image in her grew,
Majestic, firm, and mild;
Her form was like the cedar straight,
They named her Liberty;
And the first words she learned to lisp,
Were, "Scotia shall be free."

V.

Full many a year, in rural bliss,
Among their hills they knew;
Some till the glebe, some pen the flock,
And some the chase pursue:
The worthy pair beheld with joy
Their rising progeny,
With heart and hand, prepared to die,
Or, living, to be free.—

VI.

Ambitious Rome, elate with pride,
Sent her bold legions north;
They met them, on the Caron's side,
And by the winding Forth;
And soon the Caron's crimsoned stream,
Bore tidings to the sea,
That Romans fled, and Romans died,
And "Scotia would be free."

VII.

The wild Scandinians, fierce and fell,
Came thirsting for their blood,
But Largs and Loncarty can tell
How were those foes subdued:
Our hardy heroes filled the air
With shouts of Victory,
And taught their foes, with sturdy blows,
That "Scotia would be free."

VIII.

Her bravest rival lived besouth
The silver flowing Tweed,
From Ocean and Britannia sprung,
Fair twins of heavenly breed;
Pale envy stung brave Anglia's breast,
In hostile guise came she;
But learnt too late, at Bannockburn,
That "Scotia would be free."

IX.

When Discord long, with baneful voice,
And War with bloody hand,
Had scattered ruin far and wide,
O'er the devoted land,
Britannia interposed; they joined
In endless amity;
And now and ever be our song,
"Britannia shall be free."

SONG XXIV.

THE BONNET.

A BALLAD.

I.

I SING of a bonnet, a bonnet so blue,
Attend to my tale, tho' tale, it is true;
This bonnet was made by a famous old dame,
Perhaps you have heard, Caledonia her name,
Derry down, &c.—

II

This dame had two sons, she loved dear as her life,
Who ne'er shrunk from hardship, or danger, or strife,
Young Sandy, a farmer who followed the plough,
And *Donald*, a hunter, with quiver and bow.
Derry down, &c.

III.

One day, as this matron had called them together,
She said " my dear boys, be advised by your mother ;
Let not pride nor ambition, whatever betide,
Nor any cause else e'er your friendship divide.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

This bonnet I give you, it cost me some pains ;
Beware that it ever unsullied remains
By the touch of a foe, for I'd have you to wit,
That with the said bonnet your freedom is knit."
Derry down, &c

V.

They received it with reverence, and swore with one
breath,
They would die to defend it and glory in death ;
On the top of a standard then reared it in air,
And a motto was writ on it " Touch it who dare"—*
Derry down, &c.

VI.

This haughty defiance spread all the world round,
But none to attempt could so hardy be found,
Till a terrible giant right furiously swore,
'e should bear it to wild Scandinavia's shore.
Derry down, &c.

* A paraphrastic translation of " Nemo me impune lacessit."

VII.

Then vauntingly o'er the wide ocean he came,
His mouth in a foam, and his eyes in a flame;
But scarce had his foot left the watery wave,
Where for conquest he looked, when he met with a grave.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

With full resolution the bonnet to claim,
From the banks of the Tiber two bullies next came;
But soon farmer Sandy the dispute did settle,
For he knocked out the brains of the first with his pettle.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

The other, beholding his fellow's defeat,
Instead of his hands, made the best of his feet;

But Donald so cleverly followed his track,
That in vain he attempted to trace his way back.
Derry down, &c.

X.

The envious Gaul, too, beheld the blue bonnet,
And set all his heart and his soul full upon it;
"To arms, my brave boys!" to his warriors he cries,
"Make yonder blue bonnet and glory your prize."
Derry down, &c.

XI.

Then he called all his sons and his friends to his aid,
And they certainly made a most threatening parade;
But our heroes laid on them so fast and so thick,
That at sight of a bonnet e'er since they grow sick.
Derry down, &c.

XII.

So, where first 'twas set up, the blue bonnet still
stands,
Unsullied by base sacrilegious hands;
And the Fates have pronounced, it shall ever remain
Untouched by a foe, undisgraced by a stain.
Derry down, &c.

SONG XXV.

I.

When the sky is clear and blue,
And the evening wat wi' dew,
And the spreading thorn is new clad wi' blossoms white as snaw,
When the fields in green are dressed,
And the sun has left the west,
And the *low* on the *lift* is just fadin' awa',—
When the low on the lift,
When the low on the lift,
When the low on the lift is just fadin' awa'
When the fields in green are dressed,
As the sun has left the west,
And the low on the lift is just fadin' awa';—

II.

When the birds have ceased their song,
And the Echo's notes prolong
The roaring of the strong dashing *lins* as they fa',
When the kye hae sought the lair,
And the bat wheels through the air,
And the low on the lift is just fadin' awa;
When the low, &c.

III.

O, sweet at such an hour,
When my daily toil is owre,
And the mantle of silence is spread over a',
To steal out to meet my dear,
When naebody can hear,
As the low on the lift is just fadin' awa'.
When the low, &c.

IV.

O, what pleasure is mine!
It is almost divine—
A pleasure unknown in the proud lordly ha',
As we talk of future bliss,
Between each glowing kiss,
As the low on the lift is just fadin' awa'.
When the low, &c.

V.

Tho' I hae but little gear,
I'm a stranger to care,
I've health, and for riches I care not a straw,
While I meet my lovely maid,
And row her in my plaid,
As the low on the lift is just fadin' awa'—

As the low on the lift,

As the low on the lift,

As the low on the lift is just fadin' awa'—

While I meet my lovely maid,

And row her in my plaid,

As the low on the lift is just fadin' awa'.

SONG XXVI.

THE BANKS OF GARRY.

TUNE.—"*O'er the moor amang the heather.*" *

I.

WHEN rosy May embalmed the air,
And verdure fringed the winding Garry,
Upon a dewy morning fair,
I met my lovely Highland Mary.
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
When rosy May embalmed the air,
I met my lovely Highland Mary.

* I am not sure that this is a Gaelic air, though it is well known in the Highlands, under the name of
"Ho ro na m' bith thu agam
Anns an fraoch a m braighe a bhadain."

II.

Softly waved the birken tree,
The little birds were gay and airy,
Sweetly flowed their melody,
Upon the gay green banks of Garry.
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
Sweetly flowed their melody,
Upon the gay green banks of Garry.

III.

Softly blew the western breeze,
The gamesome lambs played round so merry,
Blooming flowers drooped with bees,
Upon the winding banks of Garry;
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the gay green banks of Garry.
In her best robes fair Nature smiled,
Upon the flowery banks of Garry.

IV.

But what were morning wet wi' dew,
And all the flowers that fringe the Garry,
When first arose upon my view,
A beam of light, my Highland Mary!
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the crystal-winding Garry;
'Twould make a saint forget his creed,
To meet her by the winding Garry.

V.

Nor balmy gales that fan the spring,
And on their wings sweet odours carry,
Nor summer flowers such fragrance fling
As does the breath of Highland Mary.
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry
As light as Fairies skim the dew
She tript along the winding Garry.

VI.

O, speed thee Time on swifter wing,
Around thy ring, nor slowly tarry!
O, haste the happy hour to bring,
That gives to me my Highland Mary!
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
Take, Fortune, all the world beside,
I ask no more than Highland Mary.

VII.

Then lords and kings I'll envy not,
Their cumbrous pomp I'd scorn to carry,
Far happier in my humble cot,
A better lot with Highland Mary.
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,—
The barren wilds have joys for me,
If thou art there, my Highland Mary.

SONG XXVII.

TUNE.—"*The Braes of Burnie Bussle.*"

CHORUS.

WILL ye gang wi' me, lassie,
To the bonnie braes of Laggan?
All my care shall be, lassie,
Ever to content ye.

I.

My cottage stands beneath a hill,
Beside a siller-winding rill;
It may be your's, lass, an you will,
And it may weel content ye.
Will ye gang wi' me, lassie, &c.

II.

The crystal Spey runs roaring by,
Reflecting mountains, trees, and sky;
The little birds that round us fly,
Their sweetest numbers chaunt, aye—
Will ye gang, &c.

III.

When summer busks the boughs in green,
And a' things gay and sweet are seen,
The crimson heath-bell crowns the scene,
Sae fragrant and sae dainty,—
Will ye gang, &c.

IV.

Ye shall hae fouth o' milk and meal,
I'll kill the roe-buck o' the hill,
I hae a heart that's true and leal,
That beats but to content ye.
Will ye gang, &c.

V.

In Laggan's bonnie flowery glen,
Our snaw-white bleating flocks we'll pen;
Wi' modest dames and honest men
We'll live baith gay and canty.
Will ye gang, &c.

VI.

As through the path of life ye *gae*,
Wi' sweetest flowers I'll strew the way;
I'll soothe your ev'ry care and *wae*,
In ev'ry wish prevent ye.
Will ye gang, &c.

VII.

And when auld age shall nip our bloom,
We'll sink together to the tomb,
While neighbours round our grave shall come,
And wi' kind tears lament ye.
Will ye gang, &c.

SONG XXIX.

COME TO THE WILDS.

AIR.—"*Tarry awhile with me my love.*"

I.

Now balmy June displays her flowers,
In Morning's rosy *ee*,
And every gentle breeze that blaws,
"Brings hame the ~~labouring~~ laden bee."

CHORUS.

Then come to the wilds with me, my love,
Come to the wilds with me—
Leave all thy kin and cares behind,
And come to the wilds with me—

II.

Here mountains seem to touch the sky,
In rising majesty;
And dashing torrents pour their floods,
White foaming to the sea.
Then come to the wilds, &c.

III.

Lone Echo answers, from her cave,
The hunter's minstrelsy.
And feathered warblers tune their throats,
On every spreading tree.
Then come to the wilds, &c.

IV.

Our hardy swains shall hail thee, love,
With blithe sincerity,
For here no courtly smile conceals
Deceit and Perfidy.
Then come to the wilds, &c.

V.

What, though no gilded pomp be mine
To pamper luxury,
Here Nature's voice invites to range
The verdant vallies free.
Then come to the wilds, &c.

VI.

Let others boast their hoarded gold,
Or pompous pedigree,
I boast a true and faithful heart,
That ne'er can love but thee—
Then come to the wilds, &c.

SONG XXX.

By a Highlander, the only person saved of the crew of a vessel wrecked on an uninhabited island, in the Northern Ocean, in the year 1703.—

I.

Ye storms whose rude blasts have entomb'd in the deep,
My friends and companions, why leave me to weep?
Untroubled on Ocean's green bosom *they* sleep,
While I *live* their fate to deplore.

II.

Yet to *live* 'midst these wilds, lone, bleak, and austere,
The loss even of country and friends I could bear,
But Fate from my bosom my Morag to tear!
'Tis done—and what can Fate do more?

III.

Ye breezes that murmur around my dark cave,
And sport on light wing o'er the soft curling wave!
Do ye visit the vale of the fair and the brave,
By Lochlaggan's green flowery shore?

IV.

If ye visit the vale, tho' wide seas 'twixt us roar,
Waft my wishes to her I must ever adore—
Ah! heart-rending thought! must I ne'er meet her more,
By Lochlaggan's green flowery shore!

SONG XXXI.

I.

Ye kings, I envy not your fate;
For what are kings but slaves of state?
Give me the cottage, snug and neat,
That stands upon the moor.

II.

Though half the frenzied world ye waste.
Contentment never is your guest:
A thousand cankering cares infest,
And wring your bosom's *core*.

III.

While I've my utmost wish attained,
No murmuring nation's treasures drained,
No guilty nation's honour stained,
In fields of floating gore.

IV.

I've never sought, by fraud or stealth,
To heap up useless stores of wealth,
And Heaven has granted peace and health;
Then who would ask for more?

V.

No rebel passions taught to crave,
I'm no man's debtor, no man's slave;
Ambition, grasp from wave to wave,
The globe—to me thou'rt poor.

VI.

Then learn, ye sons of pride, from me,
The manly art of living free,
Nor meanly bend the servile knee
To court the smiles of power.

VII.

I eat the bread of honest toil;
My prattling babes, my Mary's smile,
At evening all my cares beguile;
Then who would call me poor?

VIII.

Then kings, I envy not your fate,
For what are kings but slaves of state?
Give me the cottage, snug and neat,
That stands upon the moor.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HELLAS,

A POEM.

Rise, Greece! arise! in all thy strength arise!
Within thyself thy only safety lies;
Brave are thy sons, let those brave sons unite,
And day succeeds thy long protracted night—

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the following Poem was written in 1819, *the Author lays no claim to that gift of prescience attributed exclusively to his countrymen.—At that period he fancied, and the event has proved that he was not mistaken—that he could foresee the destruction of the Othman empire, in Greece, in the very means taken to secure it. Before Ali had defeated, in detail, the miniature nations that inhabited the Grecian mountains, it was impossible to bring about an union of the whole. As long as each clan was able to maintain an uncertain independence, it took no thought of the general good—But common suffering created common cause—and Greece,* UNITED, *must eventually triumph.*

HELLAS.

A POEM.

In golden beams and orient blushes dyed,
The fair Aurora rose in all her pride—
Seated on Phœbus' car, her robes of mist,
In silvery folds the glowing Ocean kissed—
Zephyrus bore upon his silken wing
The fragrant essence of the breathing Spring,
And gently winnowing o'er her radiant head,
In fluttering gales the balmy treasure spread.
Serenely calm, the fleckered sky displayed,
A brilliant glory, through a dusky shade;

And every spray, along the vocal grove,
Was living harmony and notes of love—
Such was the morn, a morn that might inspire
The coldest bosom with poetic fire;
When on that promontory's misty brow,
Whence hapless Sapho dashed the waves below;
Whither the blooming Paphian goddess came,
And, more successful, quenched her glowing flame:
Smit with the love of solitude and song,
His listless length supinely stretched along,
On the green sward, a simple bard and poor,
Wooed Meditation by the sounding shore;
Till fairy Fancy, with a magic hand,
Around him waving her creative wand,
Bade real objects vanish to a dream,
And scenes imaginary real seem.
The sea, submissive to the heavenly pow'r,
Bade all her billows cease to heave and roar;
The refluent waves on every hand give way,
And to the bard's astonished eyes display,
In bright array, emerging from the main,
The nymph divine, fair HELLAS, with her train.
Next to the goddess rosy Spring was seen,
Her temples crowned with gay perennial green;

In waving folds her copious mantle flowed,
The brightest gift that Nature e'er bestowed.
Whose plastic hand upon the drapery drew
The fairest scene that e'er engaged the view.
The mimic olive there its branches spreads,
And bays triumphantly exalt their heads.
There rising mountains seem to touch the sky;
And flowery vales and meadows meet the eye,
Where mimic lambkins leap in merry mood,
And flocks reclining, seem to chew the cud.
There fields extend, and busy hamlets here,
Smile o'er the prospect of the pregnant year,—
And dimly seen beneath the thickest boughs,
Two ardent lovers pledge their mutual vows;
The wondering gazer listens to admire,
And almost thinks he hears the pair respire—
Next, Summer, clad in ever-blooming flowers,
Brought in her train the laughing rosy Hours,
And sea-born Venus, modestly arrayed
In the chaste semblance of a country maid.
Young ruddy Bacchus next her found a place,
A thousand rubies glowing in his face;
Pomona, with her lips of coral glow,
And Flora tripping on fantastic toe.

Solemn and slow came hoary Winter forth,
Not like the tyrant of the frozen North,
Scattering around with terror-kindling breath,
Relentless ruin, pale disease, and death—
In years he seemed, a venerable sage,
Yet still his vigor unimpaired by age:
A snowy beard depended from his chin,
Time ploughed his forehead and his locks were thin;
But still his bright and beaming eyes withstand,
The dimming power of the spoiler's hand.
Still on his cheek in lovely languor glows,
What was in youth the full and blooming rose.
Blithe brawny Industry, embrowned by toil,
Health in his face, contentment in his smile,
Led yellow Autumn, crowned with nodding corn,
And buxom Plenty, with her flowing horn—
Stern Independence came with lofty stride,
And steady, thoughtful, Commerce by his side,
In robes, the growth of many a region, dressed,
Furs from the North, silks of the East and West;
From where the negro pants beneath the line,
To where the sons of ice-bound Greenland pine.
Around her brows a glittering chaplet shines,
Rich from Potosi and Golconda's mines.

For her a thousand winged breezes bear
The sweetest odours of the various sphere.
And gaily sporting in the ambient air,
Perfume the fluid with peculiar care—
  Next came a youth whose frenzied rolling eye
Now sought the earth, now seemed to pierce the sky;
By starts he stood, by starts he ran or walked,
And now he muttered, now aloud he talked;
On ocean now, enraptured, fixed his look,
Then stopped to listen to a babbling brook:
Now turns his gaze where lofty mountains tower—
Now sings a sonnet to a budding flower.
  In his expressive sentimental face,
The poet's searching eye full well could trace
The Genius of that region that gave birth
To men whose fame resounds through all the earth—
A lyre he bore; he touched the trembling wire
To sounds which gods might listen to admire;
And thus he raised his manly voice and sung,
While the glad echos to his numbers rung:—
"Raise! raise, fair HELLAS! raise on high thy voice!
In strains of gladness and of joy rejoice!
The happy tidings let thy song unfold;
For, lo! returned thy ancient age of gold!"

"Long had thy sons submitted to the yoke,
Their freeborn spirit by oppression broke;
Their torpid breasts with patriotic heat
And love of glory, long forgot to beat:
Deaf every ear at Honour's sacred call,
Cold-blooded Apathy enveloped all—
From the pale slaves the gods their image tore—
They left the forms of men, but left no more—

"Long had thy daughters, humbled to the dust,
Resigned their charms to the foul arms of Lust—
Their charms! ah! no, no charm to them remains,
For female beauty never blooms in chains;—
And Love refused their bosoms to inspire,
Debased to instinct and mere brute desire—

"The rural virtues, once thy pride and boast,
Far, far away, were banished from thy coast—
No more thy youth led up with clamorous glee,
"Their evening sports beneath the spreading tree;" *
Nor father's bosom kindled into joy
To trace the future hero in his boy.

"There hoary bondsmen sinking to their graves,
Unmoved beheld a rising race of slaves—

* Goldsmith.

A race they basely had to being called,
To give their limbs to be with fetters galled:
Their only birthright liberty to crawl
Like trembling spaniels at the huntsman's call,
And fawning, crouching, lick the tepid gore
From the same lash their sires had licked before.

" The humble roof no neat convenience blest,
But men and brutes sunk in promiscuous rest;
While many a death-charged loathsome reptile crawls,
Through tangling cobwebs on the mouldy walls.

" Divest of woods, and brown with parching rays,
Thy hills nor herds nor bleating flocks did graze;
Nor there fair maid the loaded udder pressed,
In simple beauty's simple graces dressed—"

" To feast or fair along thy grass-grown road,
With merry heart, no more the shepherd, trod;
But undisturbed within the matted brake,
In noontide beams there basked the scaly snake.
" On Evening's ear no more the nightingale
Poured, in soft melody, the tender tale,
But rocks resounded to the wolf dog's howl,
Bats wheeled their flight, and screamed the boding owl;
Thy sluggish fields, with weeds and thorns o'errun,
Gave no red vintage to the ripening sun—

The laurel drooped, for there nor poet's lays,
Nor patriot hero's brows demanded bays—
Half faded myrtle round the bramble grew,
Naught bloomed but cypress and funereal yew;
The harvest withered in the golden ear,
And shivering Famine blasted all the year.
" Thy waters ceased in crystal rills to play,
But forced through mud their slime-encumbered way,
Silently slow, and regularly dull,
To the foul bosom of some stagnant pool,
Where bloated Pestilence, with feverish lips,
In parting pangs, the morbid fluid sips:
Such was the land—such every land must be
Where man forgets that man is born free—
" Now turn thy view from fetters, whips, and chains,
And, lo! a race that Slavery's yoke disdains;
And, hark! the voice of rising Valour flies
Through all thy realm, and echoes to the skies;
And, as it flies, the work of Freedom spreads,
Slaves burst their bonds and raise their drooping heads.
The tidings spread—all, to the utmost isle,
In renovated bloom, begins to smile—"
" No more the sight of dew-eyed Pity meets
With squalid Misery pining in the streets:

No more pale Labour takes his lonely stand,
With tear-worn cheek and outstretched horny hand,
In feeble age, to beg a little bread
Of the proud knave his youthful vigour fed—
Now cheerfully he plies the hopeful toil,
And gives the seed to the prolific soil;
The grateful soil its richest bounty yields,
And he that sows shall reap the teeming fields.

The work of Freedom speeds, and soon the gales
Shall to thy harbours waft the crowded sails,
And busy Commerce shall for thee explore,
Through pathless oceans, climes unknown before.—
"Then raise, fair Hellas! raise on high thy voice!
In strains of gladness and of joy rejoice!
The happy tidings let thy song unfold,
For, lo! returned thy ancient age of gold!

"On thy parched hills shall golden pippins grow,
The grape shall ripen and pomegranate glow;
The orange grove its luscious loads disclose,
And cooling citrons bend the groaning boughs.
Thy vales shall smile with fields of bursting grain,
And tenfold harvests wave on every plain.
Fat beeves shall range in every flowery mead,
And snow-white flocks on every mountain feed.

" Fair Eloquence, with bold uplifted arms,
The kindling passions agitates and warms,
Till men erewhile who felt the life-blood glide
Along their veins in a half frozen tide,
Feel Freedom's spirit at the springs of life,
And pant for vengeance in the mortal strife.
From tottering age to lisping infancy,
Freedom or death shall be the general cry;
And all whose strength a falchion's weight can wield,
With eager zeal shall seek the tented field—
Impetuous burst on Othman's impious race,
Nor of their power leave behind a trace.
" Where she was born, and grew, and bloomed of old,
Science again new glories shall unfold;
And thence Philosophy, with aspect holy,
Shall chace the fiends of Prejudice and Folly—
Young Genius, reared by Liberty's fair hand,
Shall teach the soul sublimely to expand,
Prompt the great sentiment, inspire with hope
The poet's breast, and bard with bard shall cope,
With Emulation fired, till wit and sense
Shall reach the utmost point of excellence;
And when Byzantium shall meet Illium's fate,
From Grecian valour, at no distant date,

And flames shall rise from every Moslem's hall,
Another Homer here may rise to sing her fall.—
" Prophetic objects strike my ravished eyes—
I see! I see! a second Athens rise!
A second Sparta waves the flaming brand,
And pours destruction over Paynim land!
Before the waving cross the crescent bows,
And Marathon again is strewed with slaughtered foes! "
The poet heard no more, and from his sight
The vision vanished in a blaze of light.—

A

VIEW FROM MOUNT NERITOS,

IN THE

ISLAND OF ITHACA.

I.

HAIL, rugged Isle! whose mountains wild are seen
Heaving abrupt their heads of hoary gray,
With here and there a lively spot of green,
Like Winter mingling with the bloom of May;*
Yet, to fair plains, to courts luxurious, gay,
Did thy sage chief prefer those barren hills—
Full twenty years a wanderer did he stray,
Of life, for thee, despising all the ills—
Much can the man endure whose breast the patriot fills.

II.

See yonder pile, torn by the teeth of Time, [y]
In moss-grown fragments scattered all around!
Oft did those walls to many a theme sublime,
In matchless eloquence of verse resound—
'Twas thence the sage philosopher, profound
In moral maxims, all his maxims drew.
Thence keen eyed Science looked fair Nature round,
In all her ways, with microscopic view;
There warriors learnt to fight and be victorious too.

III.

Yon other ruin crumbling into dust, [z]
Where spotless Chastity once found a home,
The pride of architecture rose, august;
The arch, the column, and the gorgeous dome;
There pensive Penelope plied the loom,
All day, and sad, the tedious task unwove,
When sable Night envelop'd all in gloom;
A blest example of unaltered love!
Not all the youth of Greece her steady faith could move.

IV.

Deep in the bosom of that woody glen,
Where Echo whispers to the passing breeze
Of rosy Spring, or, from her hollow den,
Roars to the blast that bends the groaning trees;
Where once the bath, for elegance and ease,
Surrounded with fair seats of swardy green,
Stately arose, the wondering stranger sees
The lonely Arethusa, Naiad queen! [a]
Who, murmuring, seems to mourn the changes she has
seen.

V.

There heroes erst, when toil their nerves unstrung,
Imbibed fresh vigour from her cooling streams,
There lovely Beauties, sprightly, fair, and young,
Would oft repair to lave their snowy limbs—
Ah! how degrading the mutation seems!
Now there foul Indolence, in female shape,
In squalid tatters, basks in noon-day beams;
And Sloth and Apathy their bodies scrape,
In form of men, with many a gaunt and gape. [b]

VI.

Say, ye deep learned in the *book* of Fate!
Of Change and Chance ye who can trace the laws!
Say, whence this change? Did Luxury create
Of this effect, this dire effect, the cause?
Did she bid Avarice, with harpy claws,
With hollow-hearted Fraud and Power combine,
In hellish league, 'gainst Justice and her laws,
To immolate fair Freedom, maid divine!
'Midst peals of sensual mirth, at Epicurus' shrine?

* * * * * * * *

VII.

Did she bid Cruelty, infuriate, burn
In the dark guileful breast of Tyranny?
Did she make man so base as not to scorn
Before a fellow man to bow the knee?
Did she bid men, by nature born free,
Become the slaves of Superstition wild;
And, led by Falsehood and Hypocrisy,
In labyrinths of error stray beguiled,
And be by Ignorance and Vice debas'd, defil'd?

VIII.

Or does th' unalterable voice of Fate
Thus speak the doom of empires as they rise;
"Rejoice awhile, for by a certain date,
"Your greatness withers, and your glory dies?"
Ah! is it so? and must the curious eyes
Of strangers yet behold Augusta * low?
Must she, whose fame o'er earth and ocean flies,
To some new Goth or some new Vandal bow?
And must her sons be doom'd to slavery and woe?

* * * * * * * *

IX.

Celestial spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
That warm'st the breast with patriotic fire,
Thy influence shed on every Briton's heart!
With love of Britain, Britons still inspire!
Be thou around her still a wall of fire!
Guard her from foreign and domestic wrong!
Of foaming Faction, furious, false, and dire,
Foil the devices, and strike mute the tongue!
And British Freedom 'till the wreck of Time prolong!

* London.

MARIA.

See, stranger, yon cottage, secluded and neat,
And screened from the breath of each wild storm that
blows;
There once Hospitality found a retreat—
Misfortune and Poverty there found repose—

There Virtue with Colin delighted to dwell,
There rural Simplicity carol'd her song;
There Innocence lived, and there Sorrow's sad tale
From the eye of soft Pity the pearly tear wrung—

One son and one daughter, his hope and his pride,
Of a numerous offspring to Colin remain—
Maria, the fairest and loveliest maid,
And Ronald, the gayest and gallantest swain.

Tho' coarse was their fare, with contentment and
health,
Their little possessions seemed riches *astore*;
They sought not for grandeur, they sought not for
wealth,
Enough they possess'd, and they wish'd not for more.

Tho' humble their mansion and simple their board,
They esteemed them the boons of a bounteous heaven;
They thankfully took, and what they could afford,
To the children of want and affliction was given—

But often a storm succeeds a fair morn—
Full often is grief the successor of joy:
The briar produces the rose and the thorn,
But the thorn outlives the fair rose's decay—

The lovely Maria, sweet flower of the glade!
In rural simplicity's softness did bloom,
By an artful unfeeling seducer betrayed,
Her beauties decayed and she sunk to the tomb—

Dark Grumo was handsome, and Hyblean sweets,
In soft persuasion, on his eloquence hung;
But that form was a mask for a thousand deceits,
And the poison of asps lay conceal'd on his tongue.

He vowed—she believed—from her sire and loved home,
From that mansion of bliss—from that temple of peace,
He lured, and then left her abandoned to roam
Through the world, the companion of *want* and *disgrace*—

Cold blew the north winds on her bosom of snow,
As, shivering and sighing, her infant she prest;
She feebly exclaimed, "to my father I'll go!"
She went—he forgave—she expired on his breast—

He marked out her grave near yon green holly bush,
By yon ruined chapel where nods the tall yew;
Where early is heard the soft song of the thrush,
Where bloom the fair daisy and violet blue.

And ne'er did one smile to his visage return
From that moment, and sad, he would often repair
To recline his pale cheek on Maria's cold urn;
Oft there did I see him with hoary locks bare.

One morning I marked that as wont he was there,
But longer, much longer than wont was his stay—
I went to the spot, and in posture of prayer,
I found him as lifeless and cold as the clay—

By the side of Maria, near yon holly bush,
By yon ruined chapel where nods the tall yew,
He lies, and oft there sing the blackbird and thrush—
There bloom the fair daisy and violet blue.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAVES OF BURNS'S POEMS,

PRESENTED TO A FRIEND.

WOULDST thou see Satire, with her whip,
Give vice a lacerated hip,
And from the face of Falsehood tear
The *mask*, and lay her visage bare;—
Unawed by titles, pomp, and splendor,
Wouldst thou behold that moral-mender,
Keen, sly, ironic Ridicule,
Point at the hypocrite and fool,
The covetous, the proud, and vain,
Read our immortal ploughman's strain—

Wouldst thou see grave Reflection stray,
Far from the busy and the gay,
Along the winding banks of Ayr,
When winter strips the forests bare,
With brimful eye and visage wan,
"To mourn the miseries of man,"
And hear her sigh and weep by turns,
Then read, O, read! the song of BURNS—

Wouldst thou behold, in blessings rife;
The hardy sons of humble life;
Stern Independence at the plough,
With horny hand and sweaty brow;
Meek Piety forsake a court,
And to the lowly cot resort,
And learn that Virtue, tho' she scorns
The proud, the sons of toil adorns,
Then read, O, read! the song of Burns.

Wouldst thou hear love and friendship sung
In language sweet and numbers strong,

And patriot Valour ever brave,
" Who scorns to be, or have a slave—
And fairy Fancy, in her cell,
Depicting many a charm and spell—
And Nature, in her wildest guise,
Her mountains tow'ring to the skies;
Her woods and wilds, her hills and dales;
" Her moors, red-brown with heather bells;"
Her alleys green and shady groves,
Seats of the Graces and the Loves—
Wouldst thou see Summer crowned with flowers,
And Flora with the rosy Hours,
With light fantastic footsteps tread,
Along the dew-bespangled mead—
Mild Autumn blushing like the morn,
Her temples graced with nodding corn;
And Winter, from the stormy north,
Driving his frozen chariot forth,
Sublimely, 'mid the whirling drift,
That dims and darkens "*a' the lift*—"
Dost thou rejoice to see again
New life and verdure clothe the plain,
When youthful Spring in smiles returns?
Then read, O, read! the song of Burns—

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Upon a day—a lovely day,
The day that June shook hands with May,
A day when Nature's breath was balm,
A day of health-inspiring calm,
A day of sunshine and of showers,
A jubilee among the flowers;—
A lovely lily of the vale,
Her snowy hue half changed to pale,
Thus sighing did her griefs diclose
To a half-drooping neighbouring rose:
"When birds began to coo and sing,
And Hebe usher'd in the spring,

That spring, you'll understand, I mean,
When lovely Mary was sixteen.—
I well remember you and I
That very spring, my love, were wed; *
And, borne on a soft zephyr's sigh,
We went and made our bridal bed
Where revelled many a youthful grace,
On Mary's love-inspiring face;
Upon her cheek, beneath thy glow,
I shone as pure as mountain snow,
And when I flew to deck her breast,—
A bosom then to pain unknown,—
Her lips ambrosial you impress'd,
And borrow'd fragrance not your own;
I, too, did from her breast possess
More than my native loveliness.

'But, ah! misfortune's shafts unkind
Too soon our seats of joy invade,—
And when misfortune wrings the mind,
The lily and the rose soon fade;—

* The Gaelic language places the rose in the masculine, and the lily in the feminine gender.

The brother of her love lies low,—
We must be gone—ah, day of woe!
But time, perhaps, and Colin's love
May heal her deeply wounded mind,—
For these the sorrows can remove
That in nought else a balm could find;
Then, happy day, we may re-shine
Upon that lip and neck divine."
She sighed amid her weight of woes,—
Grief stopp'd what more she had to say.
Responsive sighed her spouse, the rose,
As young Hygeia pass'd that way,
And pointed to a waving willow,
Beneath whose shadow Mary lay,—
A tuft of downy moss her pillow,
The zephyrs 'midst her locks at play,
And sealed in sleep those eyes of sparkling blue,
That vied in brightness with the morning dew.
Hygeia breathed upon the slumbering maid;
The rose and lily by enchantment flew,—
Upon her cheek, her lip, her bosom spread,
Giving their beauties to the ravished view;

She rose and sought her faithful Colin's side,
A cheerful, graceful, lovely. blooming bride.

ON TIME.

WRITTEN 31st DECEMBER, 1817.

HARK! what an awful solemn sound!
What mournful peal salutes my ear,
At this dread hour, when silence reigns around:
'Tis the last knell of the departing year.
With me, what thousands that sad knell must mourn?
A year is gone, ah! never to return!

O Time! how smooth and swiftly dost thou fly!
What power can thy steady course arrest!
Thou hear'st, unheeded, the poor wretch's cry,
While guilt and terror rend his labouring breast—
"One moment more," he cries,—thou cut'st the thread,
And, lo! he sinks, despairing with the dead.

Yet let not man, proud, prodigal, and vain,
Spendthrift of all the gifts his God has given,
Presume thy steady purpose to arraign,
While thou describ'st the circle mark'd by heaven:
'Tis fit, O faithful monitor! thy dart
Should strike the base contemner to the heart.

When the Omnipotent's creative might
From chaos call'd this universal frame,
And angels shouted to the dawning light,
Thy voice was heard amid the inspiring theme:
'Twas then to thee the mighty task was given,
To rule the sun and starry host of heaven.

When Nature trembled at the dread command,
"Descend ye storms! ye fountains of the deep!
"Pour all your liquid treasures o'er the land,
"And from the earth polluted mankind sweep!"
Dauntless thou sawest the levelling thunder hurl'd,
And stood'st secure amidst a ruin'd world.

How many mighty changes hast thou seen
Among the sons of this terrestrial sphere,
Since, when a rosy youth, thou didst begin,
With silent step, to mark the rolling year?
But those vicissitudes thou heedst no more,
Than the rude rock the lashing billows' roar.

Full many a mighty empire hast thou seen,
To nothing fading, and from nothing spring;
The memory lost, as if they ne'er had been,
Of many a hero, and of many a king.
Thou sweep'st, unmarked, into one common grave,
The haughty monarch and the humble slave.

Ah! cruel thought! and must the diadem
Be reft from proud Ambition's lofty brow!
Must Pride, with him she would not deign to name,
'Mong cankering worms and sordid dust lie low?
Yes—proud and meek, the wretched and sublime,
Must perish all beneath thy hand, O, Time!

Even o'er thy last revolving round
Britannia sheds full many a bitter tear;
Her graceful temples with sad cypress bound,
She weeps o'er Charlotte's * cold untimely bier,—
Remorseless spoiler! thy consuming rage
Knows no distinction between youth and age.

Why do thy wrinkles trace the cheek of youth?
Why o'er her temples shed untimely snow?
Even I, who mourn thy ravages uncouth,
Bear thy hoar marks upon my youthful brow;
And the cold hand of languid, pale disease,
Points to the dwindling number of my days.

Yet, Time, exult not o'er the sons of earth;
When in one ruin thou hast levelled all,
To which prolific nature e'er gave birth,
This air, this ocean, and this earthly ball—
Thou, like a summer stream, shalt leave thy channel dry,
Lost in the boundless ocean of Eternity.—

* Her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

TO HEALTH.

Divine Hygeia, turn thy steps again,
Nor let the plaintive muse implore in vain.
MRS. GRANT.

I.

WHEN Phœbus' daily course is at a close,
And pale-faced Cynthia shews a fainter light,
I seek the silent shade for calm repose,
And sing, responsive to the bird of night.
Thy plaintive song, sad Philomel,
Too much, alas! resembles mine:
Thou in the sweetest notes thy sorrows tell,
Mine more lugubrious move each listless line;
Thou wail'st what never can to thee return,
Like thee, sweet bird, in vain I also mourn.—
Thou nymph, who lovest in humble cots to dwell!
Thou rosy Health, come visit my sad cell!

II.

Thou who on Scotia's hills delight'st to roam!
Thou guardian Goddess of my native Isle!
Thou soothing balm of every humble home!
Thou nymph so coy! I court thy favouring smile!
Thou nymph, who at the sumptuous board,
With Luxury's sons didst never dine!
Who with the drunken sons of loud Discord,
In noisy feasts, didst never join!
How long in vain thy absence shall I mourn?
Thou nymph divine! return! O, return!

III.

With thee, erewhile, I oft saluted morn;
With thee, well pleased, returned at close of day.
How nimbly did we trace the sounding horn!
What nymph and swain tript o'er the lee more gay?
O, grief of griefs! O, sad to tell!
My company thou didst soon decline.
I wandered from my native vale;
My native vale, fair maid, and thine;
And since that day in vain for thee I mourn;
Thou nymph divine! return! O, return!

IV.

Thou ne'er with sloth, that loathsome vice, accurst,
Among the accurst, that vice accurst the most,
Didst waste thy summers stretcht in sordid dust,
In drowsy slumbers all thy senses lost.
Nor did'st thou deign to cast one look,
Near giddy Pleasure's luring shrine.
Nor though'st it safe to leave thy pipe and crook,
For Bacchus's ivy branch and clustering vine.
Thou ne'er with moping Melancholy wast seen,
Nor stretched beneath the languor of the spleen.
Thy looks are pleasant as the evening gale,
When vernal fragrance floats in every vale.

V.

Oft have I seen thee by the break of day,
With tripping milkmaids tune the sweetest song—
With rake and sickle by a cock of hay,
Thy perfect form I've seen thee lay along.
Oft have I seen thee wrapt in balmy sleep,
Thy golden tresses waving o'er thy face;
While drooping flow'rs around thee seemed to weep,
Robb'd of their sweets, to give thy beauty grace.

Oft have I slept within thy snowy arms,
Enjoying all thy paradise of charms;—
Let me enjoy those charms, fair nymph again,—
Benignly smile, and banish all my pain!

A DREAM.

MARCH 1813.

I.

In green Trinacria's genial isle,
Far fam'd in many a polish'd tale,
Where Nature's sweets load every gale
That balmy blows,
I mused within a lonely vale,
At evening's close.

II.

Well pleas'd I saw the rustics smile,
Returning from their daily toil,
To their low cots, (Pride calls them vile,)
Where buxom Health
And gay Content, their hours beguile;
A world of wealth!

III.

Beneath a fissur'd hoary steep,
O'er whose gray brow wild ivies creep,
And gentle breezes softly sweep
With solemn sound,
I calmly sunk, in silent sleep,
On verdant ground—

IV.

A spacious field methought I view'd;
Close by, a sylvan arbour stood,
Where I espied, in musing mood,
A lovely maid:
The fawns came fearless from the wood,
And round her play'd—

V.

Her robe was of the lily's hue;
A wreath of cypress graced her brow;
Her face displayed a kindly glow,
That spoke a mind
Which keenly felt for every woe
Of human kind.

VI.

I rose to hail the heavenly fair,
When, lo! loud groans of wild despair,
From every part, assail'd my ear,
The field around—
I saw red Slaughter, every where,
Bestrew the ground.

VII.

The nymph was Pity, meek-eyed maid!
She lingered round the gory bed,
Where, heaps on heaps, were lowly laid,
Unnumber'd slain—
And thus, o'er vital currents red,
She pour'd her strain:—

VIII.

"Thou great Omniscient Mighty Power!
When shall mad nation's cease to jar?
How long shall fell, blood-thirsty War
Deluge the world?
When shall the fiend be from his car
For ever hurl'd!

IX.

See, how Ambition's lofty stride,
Treads on the dead, with callous pride!
See gloomy Terror by his side,
In angry mood!
And ruthless Murder, thickly dyed
In human blood!

X.

See, through the long embattled line,
The glittering blades of slaughter shine!
See, mangled thousands, ghastly, pine
In tepid gore,
The hapless victims on the shrine
Of guilty Power!

XI.

Curst be Ambition's wretched slave;
Let Infamy mark out his grave,
Who counts it glory to enslave
His fellow men!
Shame brand his name who calls such brave!
Amen! Amen!

XII.

'Shame stain his name, whose cringing mind,
Still shifts with fortune's shifting wind!
The groveling worm! unfeeling, blind,
Dark, selfish, fool!
Whom, pliant, every rascal finds,
A ready tool!

XIII.

"O, did that light on mankind blaze,
From Freedom's ever-glorious rays,
That once brave Wallace's arm did raise
O'er foemen fell,
And crown'd the brows with glorious bays
Of William Tell.

XIV.

Then should each haughty *despot* find,
A spirit worthy of mankind;—
No more should Superstition blind,
Or lead astray,
In servile chains, the captive mind,
From Reason's sway.

XV.

Then mild, majestic Peace should smile;
Then Plenty crown the farmer's toil,
Then stern Oppression, dark and vile,
Feel many a wound;
Then trembling Pride, abash'd, recoil
When Justice frown'd."

* * * * * * * *

TO POVERTY.

I.

Ah! Poverty, thou cheerless dame!
How vain *thy* longing after fame,
Though bright-eyed Genius fan thy flame,
And glowing wit,
Damnation lurks within thy name,
Black as the *Pit*.

II.

Lo! purse-proud Dulness stalks, elate,
With prattling Flattery for her mate;
Should wind escape from Dulness, straight
Off *Flattery* springs,
Snatches the infant * * * * from Fate,
And gives it wings.

III.

Hell-born Ambition guides the rein,
Wheels his red chariot o'er the plain,
Drives proudly over hills of slain,
Through seas of gore;
And Flattery follows in his train,
With Epic roar.

IV.

Even Avarice, whose useless store
Ne'er lent a penny to the poor,
Haply to future times may soar
On *golden* wings,
Whilst thou must sleep on Lethe's shore,
With unknown things.

V.

While Flattery wails, in pompous mode,
The wretch who owned, but gold, no God;
Who under shades of darkness trode
Life's guilty way;
Thou liest, unsung, beneath the sod,
With kindred clay.

VI.

Then spare that deep heart-rending sigh;
Beneath Misfortune's scowling eye,
Luckless alike are you and I,
Whate'er our merit.
So, firm, resolved, what we can't fly,
Let's bravely bear it.

THE ROSE AND THE OAK.

A FABLE.

BENEATH an ancient Oak, that stood
From Boreas, many a sturdy *thud*,
Yet spite of cold revolving Time,
Still flourish'd green and tow'r'd sublime,
A lady Rose, elate with pride,
Thus 'gan to vapour and to chide;
" Good, la! how hard it is that I,
" Born queen of flowers, am doom'd so nigh
" This filthy boorish Oak to dwell!
" La! how I suffer from the smell
" Of the vile trunk! and then my view
" Is shock'd with such an ugly hue,

" A rough and toad-like bark obscene,
" And leaves of dirty sable green;
" And then the noise that fills my ear,
" Would hurt even hemlock's self to hear.
" When biting Eurus, 'mong his branches,
" Threatens to tear him all to inches,
" He swears, (and blusters and looks big,)
" He does not mind the storm a fig;
" Then roars, and thinks, no doubt, he's clever,
" 'Huzza, boys! hearts of oak for ever!'
" And when his nauseous nuts are shed,
" A herd of loathsome grunters tread,
" And frisk, and burrow round my nose;
" A pretty treatment for a Rose!
" And while I'm like to burst with rage,
" He looks ironically sage;
" Swears that those swine, or he's mistaken,
" Will make the very best of *bacon*;
" For near no oak on British ground,
" Can better acorns be found.
" And when I tell him 'tis brutality,
" To speak so to a flow'r of quality,
" He answers proudly, but for him,
" My qualities were *devilish slim*.

" Yet I am doom'd, alas! alas!
" My days beneath his shade to pass—
" O may the light'ning blast his boughs!
" O may he feel the woodman's blows!
" And may his trunk be doom'd to feel,
" Fixed in some vessel's gloomy keel,
" Amid incessant din of war,
" The noxious stench of pitch and tar;
" Until, with age and toil he's rotten,
" Dissolves to dust, and is forgotten!"
" Thou gayest flow'r that decks the vale,"
The Oak replied, " pray cease to rail;
" I own full many a virtue thine,
" While thou deniest that I have mine;
" While I defend thy tender form,
" From Æolian blast and polar storm,
" Thou, with ingratitude o'erflowing,
" Swear'st all thy woes to me are owing
" Roses, I own, have beauties rare,
" Among the fair they're passing fair;
" They please men's sight, indeed, and noses.
" But who can dine on smell of Roses?
" When the French threaten to come over,
" By diving from Calais to Dover,

" To kiss the British wives and lasses,
" And kick the British husbands'——
" Could all the roses in the nation,
" Purchase it one hour's salvation?
" Roses and Fops are pretty things,
" But of small use to states and kings;
" A foot of Oak, in time of need,
" Is worth the total of the breed.
" Yes, 'tis the Oak that bears the thunder,
" Which makes Britannia's foes knock under.
" Learn this, be thy complaint less loud;
" Learn this, frail thing, and be less proud.
" I go, anon, where glory calls,
" To strengthen Britain's wooden walls,
" Heroic Nelson's deathless name
" Shall consecrate mine too, to Fame;
" For I'm design'd a part to form
" Of that stout ship, where, mid the storm
" Of war, the hero's doom'd to die,
" Embrac'd by *weeping Victory.*"

The woodman comes—the blows resound;
The Oak comes crashing to the ground;
The day grew murk, the sky o'ercast,
The Rose began to feel the blast,

And wished, but wished, alas! in vain;
The shielding Oak was back again;
For soon, beneath the sweeping storm,
Pale, lifeless, droop'd her tender form.

THE ROSE AND THE OAK.

A FABLE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BENEATH the shadow of an aged Oak,
Lamenting his hard fate, a Rose thus spoke:
"That shapeless Oak in gloomy verdure lasts,
From Spring till stript by chill November's blasts,
While I, so sweet, and dressed in colours gay,
Am born to bloom and wither in a day."
"All beauteous forms," replied the ancient tree,
Alas! are frail and fading flowers like thee!"

VERSES

ON THE

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

FROM THE GAELIC.

I.

As, sudden o'er the blue celestial vault,
Thick rolling clouds, foreboding storms arise,
And thunders peal in many an awful bolt,
And forked lightning cleaves the liquid skies;
So came destruction—so our heroes fell;
So Ruin's blast swept o'er fair Cona's vale.

II.

When Night's black curtain o'er the world was spread,
Dread Murder stalked with giant strides abroad,
And guilty power applauds the guilty deed!
Tremble Nassau! before an angry God!
The bravest heroes, and most loyal too,
Lie, stabbed in private, by thy lawless crew.

III.

Oft Proud Oppression's iron-crested brow,
Felt on its front their weapon's mighty crash!
Oft guilty Power was humbled by their blow;
The shield of Innocence! the tyrant's lash!
But dark Breadalbin, Murder's favourite son,
With certain aim, pronounc'd the race undone.

* * * * * * *

IV.

Of strife I see already sown the seed;
I hear full many a potent chief declare,
That blood alone can expiate the deed;
I see grim Vengeance yoke his blood-stain'd car;
I see the copious streams ensanguin'd flow;
I hear the hills re-echo Scotland's woe.[c]

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS

TO THE SETTING SUN.

FROM STEWART'S COLLECTION OF GAELIC POEMS.

And hast thou o'er thy azure circle rolled,
Son of perfection, with the locks of gold?
Lo, to receive thee to thy hall of rest,
Night opes her portals in the glowing west:
The heaving billows at thy presence blush,
Still all their roaring, and their murmuring hush,
Awed by the splendour of the rays divine,
In circling glories that around thee shine.
May no rude storm disturb thy rest, O sun!
And be thy radiant course again with joy begun!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND,

ON NEW-YEAR'S MORNING, 1816.

I

Again has Time, with angry tooth,
Devoured another year;
Nor stops to wipe his gory mouth,
But marks his red career;
Determined all that comes beneath his paw,
Shall feast the glutton's ever-craving maw.

II.

May you, my friend, till hoary age,
For heaven has made you ripe,
Escape the tyrant's deadly rage,
And murdering iron gripe!
Then, with a gentle and a slow decay,
Softly commingle with your kindred clay.

III.

O be the rugged paths of Life,
Made smooth where'er you tread!
Long may your Jean, your faithful wife,
Bless the connubial bed!
And may full many a *bonnie* blooming boy,
And lovely girl, crown your wedded joy!

IV.

Those blossoms that around you blow,
Each fair as orient gem;
May heaven its choisest gifts bestow,
Peculiarly on them!
And Fortune grant them, from her ample store,
Just what I wish them—they need ask no more.

SATIRICAL FRAGMENTS,

&c.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

FROM THE ORATOR.

A SATIRE, IN FOUR BOOKS.

GLORY.

THEN turn thy steps, my wandering muse,
From rosy Spring and vernal dews,
From fragrant woods and budding flowers,
To princes, palaces, and towers:
Ah! turn we, though it grieves my heart,
From rural innocence to part:

To leave the beauties of the green,
For all the splendid courtly din
That charms the mighty and the wise,
But simple swains, like me, despise;
But Glory, who oft calls our swains
To fields of death and bloody plains,
Where, stretcht upon her gory lap,
Some take an everlasting nap;
And some, with wooden arm or leg,
Return in scarlet rags to beg. *
Glory, that makes the hungry Wit
As haughty as the pamper'd Cit;
And the pale Miser, o'er his hoard,
As happy as the squandering Lord;
That makes some mad, some melancholy,
Some dote on Wisdom, some on Folly,
Assuming to all human eyes,
A different shape, a different size;
To ——— appears in dice and cards,
In sounding epics seems to bards.
Glory, pursued in various ways,
That makes Burdetts and Castlereaghs—

* This is scarcely applicable to the Veterans of the present day in this country. It alludes, of course, to those of other countries.

This Proteus dame invites my lay,
Glory invites, and I obey.———
* * * * ———

A COUNTRY.

——— It matters not, this country *lies*
Beneath the circle of the skies,
The climate neither cold nor hot,
Skies sometimes clear, and sometimes not—
* * * * * * * *
There Summer walks a splendid round;
There Autumn is by Ceres crown'd;
There blustering Winter issues forth,
In all the terrors of the North,
There Spring returns in vernal smiles—
* * * * * * * *
There Industry, with vestments torn,
Toils hard for bread, from night till morn;
But drops in vain the briny sweat,
He sweats and toils that drones may eat;

And while they quaff the richest wines,
Parch'd to the heart, with thirst he pines;
The cup, for which his nerves were strained,
By lazy Luxury is drained;
For Luxury his flocks are shorn,
By Luxury his webs are worn;
While Pride and Luxury may riot,
He starves on half a meager diet—
* * * * * * * *

A SALUTE.

Hail, ******** who ne'er, from thy youth,
Hast stumbled on one word of truth,
Save when a horse-whip made thee crave
Pardon, and own thyself a knave,
And that beneath the solar round,
Another such could not be found.
Thou, who hast ne'er been found unwilling,
To sell thy soul for one poor shilling;
A piece of prudence, for that coin,
Might buy a score d——d souls like thine.
* * * * * * * *

A WRITER

OF SCOTTISH DESCRIPTIONS.

* * * * Thou, whose gifted eyes
Have found the earthly paradise,
With all its fruits, and flowers, and fountains,
Among the bare, bleak, Grampian Mountains;
Where lambs and lions feed together,
And frisk and play 'mong crops of heather;
Where the dead adder venom lacks,
And chickens roost on foxes' backs—
Hail! deep-ken'd sage! from whom we learn,
What Johnson's eyes could not discern,
That Scotia all, from north to south,
And from Dumbarton to Speymouth,
Is one continued sylvan scene,
A forest wide of ever-green;
But Johnson's eyes had much to dull 'em,
Much anti-Caledonian film,
Which sour dame Prejudice applied,
At the suggestion of dame Pride,

Who felt her blood in strange commotion,
To think that such a bard as Ossian,
An ancient, rude, unletter'd Celt,
Could teach the heart to glow and melt,
Beyond the power of those who speak,
In pompous Latin, polished Greek—

* * * * * * * *

How are we pleased to learn from thee,
The river Don is not the Dee!
The river Tweed is not the Forth,
And that the Spey flows farther north!
That Stirling's built upon a hill,
And Crieff and Callender stand still;
That Bagpipers must have good lungs,
And ancient bards ~~make~~ made ancient songs!

* * * * * * * *

LAW—POWER.

WHATE'ER we have, howe'er we gain it,
If we have power to maintain it,
No matter whether steal or buy it;
Law, trembling says we may enjoy it.
Pray what is Law opposed to Power?
A cricket battering down a tower—
* * * * * * * *

FROM BIBO.

A SATIRICAL FABLE.

"THINGS MISPLACED."

* * * * * * * *

I DO aver we fly in Nature's face;
What she sets right, *we* instantly misplace—
How oft we see a well accomplished clown,
Whom Nature never made, or meant, for town,

With boorish manners, strut away to court,
Too honest, there, to become ought but sport;
Whereas, had he but staid where Nature meant,
He had been useful, and much less had spent;
Might have sold *turnips, onions,* and potatoes,
And given the poor some, every season gratis;
Might have sold poultry, butter, cheese, and eggs,
Bullocks and cows, and sheep, and calves, and pigs;
Have sat at ease in his own chimney *nook*;
Enjoyed his pipe and purl, and *cracked his joke*;
And, when his spark of fleeting life had flown,
Slipped to his grave with pastoral renown.

Nature presents us with an useful tailor,
We straightly change him to an useless sailor:
And oft a weaver, ready from her hand,
Is made a king of;—witness FERDINAND!
Yes, Ferdinand, Iberia's scourge and shame,
He whom the muses almost blush to name;
He, whom Contempt must waft to future times,
And all Parnassus damn, with all its rhymes—

* * * * * * * *

RUBRO.

A BALLAD.

I.

As the Caroline frigate was just setting sail,
Before a fine breeze, from the port of Kinsale,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a lord,
Old Rubro, the captain, came stagg'ring on board,
Derry down, down, hey derry, &c.

II.

He raged like a bear, fore and aft, through the ship,
Till over the cable his hap was to trip,
And his *ballast* being much over-light for his sail,
Right over the *bow* in the ocean he fell,
Derry down, &c.

III.

Now Rubro had got, as you well may suppose,
By drinking of brandy, a very fine *nose*—
A nose, such as rarely is seen between eyes,
A nose that resembled a *trumpet* in size.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

This nose being red, it so shone in the dark,
That it quickly attracted the eyes of a shark;
And the shark, being pretty well up to his trade,
To make sure of the nose, he bit off the whole head.
Derry down, &c.

V.

Just then father Neptune emerged from the sea,
And, eyeing the body, thus gravely said he:
"Ah, Rubro! you've met with the punishment due,
"For you drank all the grog and gave none to the crew."

VI.

"May your fate be a warning to low and to high,
"Ne'er to guzzle too much when a neighbour is dry!
"May it teach them how leaky is life's fickle bark,
How slippery the decks, and that Death is a shark."
Derry down, &c.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER VERSIFIED.

DATED ABERDEEN, 1798.

The other day, a hardy son of Mars,
Whose front bears many honourable scars,
Whose sun-burnt brow oft dropp'd the briny sweat
Within the torrid zone, in dog-star heat,
Was very very dry, but fate severe
Denied the price of one poor glass of beer!

Hard was his case, indeed, so let me tell ye,
The veteran stripp'd his back to serve his belly,
For which poor back was doom'd with martial rigour,
To pay with *skin* for linen and for liquor.
The appointed morning came, the bugle's throat
Warned the battalion to the fatal spot,
Where the drum-major, with his hateful squad,
The instruments of torture had displayed;
The colonel gave command the lash to ply,
And thus the veteran spoke and heav'd a sigh,—
Thus he remonstrated; for no condition
Could bring him to the meanness of petition:
" 'Tis hard this back, which ne'er was turn'd on foe,
Should, for a trifle, such treatment undergo,
While others, who I easily could name,
May with impunity commit the same.
Sir, in your regiment there is a man
Who from his neighbour *stole* a fine new *suit;*
You know the thing was done, you know the man,
Yet on the business you've been always mute—
I humbly own I merit well the lash—
But why make fish of one and t'other flesh."
The colonel wildly look'd, like Hercules strode,
And swore it was an arrant lie, by G—;

" Howe'er," he added, " name him, and, by heaven,
Thy sentence, every lash, shall be forgiven."
The culprit sternly answered, " that I can,"
And, (as the prophet said of old,) " thou art the man
Who stole the suit—nay, more, upon my life,
In that same suit *you stole your neighbour's wife.*"
To call this truth I can't, indeed, pretend,
But this I can inform you, to be brief,
The colonel heard it scarcely to an end,
When off he sneaked—not much unlike a thief.

EPITAPH

ON J. S. WHO EXPIRED AT THE ALTAR OF BACCHUS.

Here lies ——— low in dust,
As every mortal sometime must.
His roaring tongue at last is quiet,
And in its place the worms riot;

That tongue in which Jack took such pride,
That often spoke, and often lied.
Would any know his freaks and whims,
And how he used his other limbs,
His life, though long, yet short the story,
Here *bona fide* laid before ye—
He got his body full of scars,
And lost his *nose* in Venus' wars;
'Twas said another member failed him,
That is the doctor had ——————
He once upon a pillory stood,
I heard it said 'twas for no good;
Where, with a knife, or pair of sheers,
The hangman cropped off both his ears;
And once, in a nocturnal riot,
He got a blow that knocked his eye out;
But Death, lest Ketch should take his *spunk*,*
Upon a night when Jack got drunk,
Came in a flaming brandy vapour,
Cutting a pretty *mortal* caper,
And threw his dart with such a drive
As killed what yet was left alive.

* Life.

TO BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, thou pretty pouting roguish jade,
With neck of snow, and cheeks of rosy red,
And teeth of iv'ry, smooth and neat,
And flowing locks, as black as jet;
Lips of the reddest cherry's hue,
And laughing eyes of sparkling blue;*
The trimmest leg that e'er was seen,
The lightest foot that trips the green;
Two fair white globes heave on thy breast,
And, "Oh, come clasp me!" cries thy waist.
Beauty, thy form, from toe to top,
Would tempt St. Peter's heir, the POPE.

* Or black—

Beauty, thou art a baited hook,
And man the tenant of the brook,
Who, wanting caution, swallows all he meets,
Till oft both bait and barbed hook he eats.
Thou art a leg of sheep, both fair and fat,
Placed in the view of *man*, a hungry glutton;
Thou art the very thing he would be at—
How his mouth waters to enjoy thy mutton!
Thou art a magnet, man is steel,
Go where thou wilt, that follows at thy heel;
Aye, should'st thou lead the way to *Nick*.
Close and more close to thee he'll stick.
Beauty, to me what art thou not?
My balm of life, my light of day—
Come, dearest maid! then, to my cot,
And chase the fiend, Disease, away.

A friend wrote to me from the island of Ithaca, that the colour had left his NOSE *for lack of proper nourishment, and I sent him a bottle of* WHISKY, *with the following lines.*

"DEAR D———d, what a day of woes!
Gone is the splendour of thy nose—
Wan is that glowing queen of noses,
Whose crimson dye made pale the roses—
Alas! can nought on earth renew
Its jolly laughing florid hue,
With lively tints of varying blue."
Thus did I mourn, with downcast eye,
Heaving full many a bitter sigh,
When in did ruddy Bacchus rush,
With a huge can of FERINTOSH,—
And vanish'd from my gazing sight
Again, in a bright blaze of light;
Leaving the can upon the table,
And on the lid was fixed this label:
"A cure for vapours and for spleen,
A cure for headachs and chagrin,

A cure for melancholy, care,
For disappointment and despair;
A cure for every human ail;
A cure for *snouts* that are grown pale."
So a full chopin here I send you,
(And with it may all good attend you,)
To save the best feature of your face
From falling into pale disgrace.
That night the year is at an end,
Enjoy it with your heartiest friend;
And if your nose thenceforth don't shine,
I'll be content to forfeit mine.

Thanks for the wine, in time you sent it,—
How well you knew the thing we wanted!
For when good wine has filled our hearts,
We kick old Care until he ————

On new year's eve, around ~~the~~ my hearth,
Libations shall be poured to Mirth;
And Time, to listen to his song,
Shall linger as he moves along.

Then in a flowing cup I'll drink
Your health, or may I cease to think;
For trust me, while *I* wear a *nose*,
I am the foe of all your foes.

FROM AN

ITALIAN TRANSLATION

OF A

SCLAVONIC BALLAD.

I.

WHERE untrodden forests spread,
O'er bleak moor and craggy hill,
Where the oozy caverns dread
Cold and morbid drops distil.

II.

Stretcht on a cold rock forlorn,
All amid this dreary scene,
Of a haughty beauty's scorn,
A young shepherd did complain.

III.

Flames of Love rage in his breast,
From his eyes a torrent pours,
His bared bosom meets the blast—
On his head descend the showers.

IV.

"Lo!" he cries, "when Philomel,
"Melts in melody of song,
"Her mate wakes the vocal vale,
"The sad numbers to prolong.

V.

"Young Aurora's cheeks of bloom
"Are seen bath'd in dewy tears,
"But, to dissipate the gloom,
"Soon her faithful Sol appears.

VI.

"But a hopeless fate is mine,
"She that has my heart in chains
"With indifference lets me pine,
"Nay, exults to see my pains."

VII.

Thus he lay, till on his sight
Doubtful rays of morning grew,
When, to shun the hated light,
To the thickest shades he flew.

VIII.

Where upon the polish'd rind
Of a beech, by ivy bound,
In a well known hand designed,
Two fell sentences he found.

IX.

Which imported that Irene,
Hated him and loved another;
And, by way of nota bene,
Bade him hang, or drown, or smother.

X.

His limbs became by weakness smitten,
Darkness o'er his vision fell;
By the fair one's hand 'twas written,
The characters he knew too well.

XI.

His heart laboured in his breast,
And went nigh to burst in twain.—
"Ah! too cruel maid!" he cried,
And fell speechless on the plain.

XII.

But Irene, from a thicket,
Where she'd snugly lain perdue,
Just to see how he would take it,
Quick as lightning to him flew.

XIII.

"Speak, O, Damon!" she exclaimed,
"Ere the joke so far I'd carried,
"I wish my fingers had been maimed!
"I wish!—I wish!—I had been married!"

XIV.

"And to me?" he starting cried.
"Yes, dear Damon! banish sorrow—"
"And wilt thou, wilt thou be my bride?"
"Yes, e'en if you please tomorrow,"

EPITAPH

ON CARDINAL RICHELIEU,

By Isaac de Benserade, for whom he had obtained a Pension.

FROM THE FRENCH. *

HERE Richelieu, alas! lies low,
Knock'd down by felon Death's fell blow;
What grieves me more, alas! to relation,
That *blow* has *blown away my pension.*

ANOTHER VERSION.

HERE lies, as dead and cold as clay,
The Cardinal de Richelieu:
What grieves me more, alas! to say,
Here, with him, lies my pension, too.

* Ci-gist, oui gist, par la mort bleu,
Le Cardinal de Richelieu;
Et ce qui cause mon ennuy,
Ma pension avecque luy.

ON Mr. L——N, THE COMEDIAN.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH. *

'Tis said that Pluto's drear dominion,
Is a place of groans and sighs,
Where tears flow, as if an onion
Were beneath each Spectre's eyes:
But when L——n gets to hell,
Misery there shall cease to yell;
And thenceforth. for ever after,
Nought be heard but mirth and laughter.

* Pluton, Prince du noir empire;
Ou le tiens ne rient jamais,
Recois aujourd'hui RABELAIS,
Et vous aurez tous de quoi rire.]
ANTOINE DE BAIF.

ON AN ELEPHANT.

FROM THE ITALIAN. *

To know myself, before I died,
The first of Brutes, was all my pride:
But, reader, now, since here I lie,
Thou art a greater *brute* than I.

ON MR. W——N, A BUTCHER.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN. †

Here Tom W——n's body lies,
Pass in silence lest he rise;
Should he break from Death's controul,
L—d have mercy on thy soul!
For his propensity has long been known,
For knocking brutes, e'en such as thou art, down.

* Gia vivo io mi cridea portar l'onore
D'esser bestia, d'ogn' altra assai maggiore;
Ma ogn' un che legge l'Epitafio mio.
E una bestia maggior che non' son io—

† Ferma lettor, non ti partire ancora;
Che le bestie amazzo qui morto giace;
Hor, che turbi, tu bestia, a lui la pace,
Per ucciderti in breve uscira fora.

ON A MONKEY.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN. *

ONCE a playful ape was I
Who beneath this marble lie—
Reader, would'st thou know what grace
Once adorned my living face,
Quickly to thy chamber pass,
To thy faithful looking-glass.

* Qui giocoso animal sepolto io giaccio;
Se, come io mi chiamai, saper tu vuoi,
Lettor, corri a lo specchio, e vera poi
Vedrai l'effigie mia nell tuo mostaccio—

END OF THE POEMS.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE a, PAGE 6.

"O, what is fairer than the Cana," &c.

The Cana and the Rowan are the lily and the rose of the Gaelic bards. The Rowan is the berry of the mountain-ash, varying in its colour from the dirtiest pale red, to the most beautiful crimson.

The Cana, or Cannach, is a plant abounding in the Highland mosses: its blossom forms a spherical tuft about the size of a common walnut, of the most beautiful white downy cotton, supported by a slender rushy stem, twelve or fourteen inches high.

NOTE b, PAGE 8.

AIR.—"Mari Laoghach"—Lovely Mary.

This song is imitated from the Gaelic, a circumstance, by mistake, not mentioned in its proper place. Indeed, it is, with the exception of the chorus, almost a literal

translation, particularly the third, fourth, and fifth stanzas. The uncommon spirit, and beauty of expression, in the original, are not, however, easily preserved in another language. The chorus, like almost all the Gaelic choruses, is purely musical, and, therefore, incapable of translation: an attempt would be like trying to turn the English "derry down," into Italian.

In Stewart's collection *Mari Laoghach* is printed vol. 1, page 120, without an author's name; though it might easily have been traced to a gentleman of the name of Mc Kenze, the author of many other fine lyrics, all bearing the same stamp of genuine feeling.

For the gratification of the Gaelic scholar, I shall here insert the whole song.

MARI LAOGHAOH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho mo Mhari laoghach,
'S tu mo Mhari bhinn,
Ho mo Mhari laoghach,
'S tu mo Mhari ghrihn,
Ho mo Mhari laoghach
'Stu mo Mhari bhinn;
Mo Mhari bhoidheach lurach,
Rugadh ann 'sGlinn.

Boc bha mis, a's Mari 'm fasaichean Ghlinn Smeoil,
'N' air chuir macan Bhenais saighid gheur, na m' fheoil,
Tharruing sinn gu cheile ann an eud co beo,
'S nach robh air an t saoghal, a thug gaol co mor.

'Suic bha'mis, a's Mari, falbh na'm fasach fial,
Gun smaointean air fal-bheart, gun chail go droch guiomh,

Cupid ga nar taladh ann an cairdeas dian,
'S barr na'n craobh mar sgail dhuinn, 'nuair a b' aird a ghrian.

Ged bu leamsa Alba, a h-airgid a's, a maoin,
Cia mar bhithinn sonadh, gun do chomunn gaoil,
B' annsa bhi ga d' phogadh, le deagh choir dhomh fhein,
No ged fhaighinn storas na Roinn-Eorp' gu leir.

Tha do bhrollach solais lan de shonas graidh,
Uchd a's gile shealbas, na 'n eala air an t snamh,
Tha do mhin shlios fallain, mar canach a chair,
Muineal mar an fhaoilean fudh 'n aodain a's ailte.

Tha t'fhalt bachlach, dualach, mo do chluais a' fas,
Thug nadur gach buaidh dha, ,hair gach gruaig a d'has,
Cha 'n eil dragh, na tuairgne, na chuir suas gach la,
Chass gach clamh mu 'n cuairt dhe, 's e na dhuail gu bharr.

Tha do chailc dhend shnaighte; mar chnechda na 'n ard,
T'anail mar an caineal, beul a 'm banail failt;
Gruaidh air dhreach an t siris, min rasg chinnealt, thla,
Mala chaol gun ghruaman, gnuis gheal, 's cuach fhalt ban.

Thug ar 'n uabhar barr air ailgheas righrean mor;
B'aid ar leabaidh stata duilleach, 's barr an fheoir;
Fluraichean an f hasaich toirt dhuinn cail, a's troir,
A's struthain ghlan na 'n ardbheann chuireadh slaint sgaeh por.

Cha robh inneal ciuil, a thuradh riamh fudh 'n ghrein,
A dh' aithriseadh air choir gach ceol bhiodh aguinn fhein,
Uiseag air gach lonan, smeorach air gach geig,
Chuag a's gug gug aic 'm madain churaidh Cheit.

NOTE c, PAGE 11.

"Air.— Cuir a chinn dilis tharam do lamh—"

"They have lately, in Ireland, published an Irish air, as they say, called "Can du delish." The fact is, in a

publication of Corri's, a great while ago, you will find the same air called a Highland one. Its name there, I think, is Oran Gaoil, and a fine air it is.

I shrewdly suspect that the wandering minstrels, harpers, and pipers, used to go frequently errant through the wilds of both Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs may be common to both."

Burn's Letters to Thompson, August, 1793.
No. 33, *Works* 8*vo, page* 33.

There are two beautiful Gaelic songs, and both of considerable antiquity, to this sweet air. A translation of one of them by a lady, is inserted in Johnson's Scot's Musical Museum, Vol. II, the same, I believe, to which Burns alludes, as published by Corri, some time before the date of his letter, 1793. The lady's version, however, though very literal, conveys no idea of the spirit and felicity of expression of the original, of which I remember only the chorus and the first stanza: here they are,

LUINNEAG.—CHORUS.

Cuir a chinn dilis, dilis, dilis,
Cuir a chinn dilis tharam do lamh—
Do shuilin gorm maellach a mhealladh na milltean
'S duine gun chli nach thugadh dhut gragh—

'S mi m' shuigh' air an tullich, aig tuirreagh 's aig caona'.
Bhuail Saighead a ghaoil mi dirach gu m' s'hail,

Dh 'fas mi cho lag 's nach b' urin mi direadh,
Le goirtas mo chinn 's nach do shin u dhomh lamh—
Cuir a chinn dilis, &c,

The words in the present volume are original.

NOTE d, PAGE 14.

"Fare thee well my native cottage,
Where I oft in artless rhimes,
To the listening mountain beauties,
Sung love-tales of other times." &c.

"The Highlanders hear with astonishment of societies where every individual makes his sense of independence to consist in keeping at a distance from another."

The *Baile* or hamlet, consisted of from four to twenty families. It was usual for the young women of a hamlet to carry their work to the houses of each other's parents alternately. In those societies oral learning was attained without interrupting the progress of industry. The matron of the mansion found in her youthful audience ready and respectful listeners, and she took pleasure in instructing them in whatever branch of knowledge she excelled.

The next day the young females met in a different cottage, where a different sort of entertainment and instruction awaited them, and so on in succession, until

they made the round of the hamlet. Thus, in some degree, the matrons of a village might be compared to the professors of a college, and the young maidens to students attending their *lectures*. The learning of these matrons was various: one excelled in poetry, one in criticism, a third in history, and a fourth in genealogy, biography, legendary learning, &c.

The lover, when night relieved him from his daily occupation, flew to the society of these damsels, to meet his mistress, or, if she lived at a distance, to repeat the last "sonnet he had composed to her eye-brow," (for love can make poets of us all,) and to receive applause or suffer neglect according to the merit of his work.

With us, though impartial criticism may condemn, still, fools may publish, and fools may buy; with them it was otherwise—what could not be published in such societies as I have mentioned, could not be published at all: they were to them what the press is to us. A song that was learnt by only a few, out of mere compliment to its author, was soon forgot. It may be readily supposed that local circumstances, sometimes, gave a temporary existence to very indifferent compositions; but their popularity being confined to the districts where the subjects of them were known, with those subjects they generally expired.

I have spoken in the past tense, because, within a few years, the manners of my countrymen have suffered a total revolution; very little to the advantage of the

present race, who are neither so hospitable, so learned, nor so pious as the generation they have succeeded.

About thirty years ago the work of desolation was making rapid progress; the greater part of Argyle, Lochaber, the Braes of Baddenoch, as well as the Isles of Sky and Mull, the classic ground of the north, had undergone a partial change: still, however, the people clung to their ancient customs. Since that period, the greater part of the Highlands has been converted into a number of large sheep-walks; and such of the Gael as possessed the spirit of their ancestors, disdaining to become drudges and day-labourers to their Lowland neighbours, sought independence on the other side of the Atlantic; carrying with them their prejudices and their virtues. What time may make of them, under different circumstances, time alone can show.

Of the wisdom or folly of those who drove them from their native *Straths*, I shall say nothing. Were I to give utterance to all my opinions on the subject, what I intend for a few brief sketches would dilate into volumes.

I was early initiated in all the occult *sciences* of the Gael: since that period I have paid some attention to the superstitions of other nations, and I have at length arrived at this conclusion; that the Highlanders, notwithstanding all that has been said and written on the subject, were not more superstitious than their neighbours; and that their superstitions were, for the most, of a nature calculated to elevate and refine the senti-

ments, whereas those of others, are, in general, calculated to debase the soul, pervert the reason, and stultify all the mental faculties.

But though the superstitions of the Gael were not more gross nor more numerous than those of their neighbours, they were peculiar to themselves, and for that reason, interesting. In what follows, I shall confine myself to such as have not been mentioned, or but slightly mentioned, by other authors: passing by the common *witch*, the common *ghost*, and the common *fairy*; and the *second-sight* has been so often mentioned, that no new light can be thrown upon the subject. Indeed the citizens of London know much more about it than ever I could learn, except from books.

Whether the Gael derived their ideas of a DEITY from Gaul or Phœnicia, it would, perhaps, be a waste of time to enquire. Men of learning and abilities have contended for both opinions, and supported their theories with plausible testimonies. One thing certain, is, that at a very remote era, they believed in one supreme RULER of the universe, whom they called DIA, (God,) from Ti tha, or Di tha, the Being who is; pronounced Di-ha, and thence contracted into DIA: and in the existence of a principle of EVIL, called DEAMHAN, (Dæmon,) from Deamh-aon, the evil one.

Thus, christianity made but a very slight alteration in the essential part of their religion, and could never altogether eradicate their primitive opinions.

Their heaven was called ELATH-INIS, the noble isle, situated far in the west; and it is the only word in the Gaelic language at this day to signify heaven. Their hell was called IFRIN, an island in the north, where the spirits of the damned were punished by alternate exposure to the extremes of heat and cold. Ifrin is, also, the modern term for hell. They believed that the heavenly bodies were inhabited by intelligences subordinate to the Divinity. It appears, however, that, with one exception, no divine worship was offered to those spirits. That one exception was the *Spirit of the Sun*, GRIAN-AISE; to whom certain rites, under this name, and under the appellation of *Bel* or *Baal*, were performed.

Though they believed God to be the sole and direct agent in every operation of Nature, they thought his decrees by no means unalterable. Hence arose DIVINATION, by which they fancied they could penetrate into his designs; sacrifices and prayers, by which they deprecated his wrath; and charms and enchantments, through the power of which they hoped, in a great measure, to become independent on his will.

Their methods of DIVINATION were various. That upon which the greatest reliance was placed was *Sliasrachd*, from the word *slinag*, a shoulder. It was performed thus: the meat was cleared from a shoulder blade of mutton, &c. without the assistance of a knife or any other iron weapon; the diviner inspected

carefully the transparent part of the bone, and from the disposition of certain spots, predicted whatever remarkable was to happen in the family, or to any of the relations of the person from whose flock or herd the animal had been taken. In this manner hidden treasure was discovered at the mere expense of a shoulder of mutton; and a rapid rise to affluence was oftener attributed to such a cause than to the industry or skill of the possessor.

Many wonderful stories are related of these *Diviners*. Among other anecdotes of this description, I heard an old man often relate the following, to which he declared he had been an eye-witness: about seventy years ago, there lived in the house of a gentleman in the *Braes of Badenoch*, a domestic of the name of Mac Tavish, so famous for his skill in this art, that another travelled from a remote part of the Western Highlands, in order to dispute the palm of skill with him.

The stranger, having announced his name and the purpose of his visit, Mac Tavish's patron prepared a dinner, to which he invited a numerous company of his friends.

After dinner, a prepared *shoulder* was presented to each of the *sages*, and the guests became mute as silence. After a considerable pause, the stranger, whose name, I think, was Mac Lean, declared that within a very short distance of the spot on which he then sat, and within a period of time not exceeding eighteen hours, some person should suffer death by hanging;

a circumstance so unlikely that incredulity was manifest among the company. However it naturally occurred to them, that, if Time was pregnant with such a dire event, it would appear to Mac Tavish also, of whose skill they had had sufficient proofs on many occasions; for he had foreseen and foretold the temporary success of the cause of the Stewarts, a few years before, and warned his master accordingly, who took no part in it. Mac Tavish said he was bound to confirm so much of what had been already predicted as related to the act of suffering death by suspension, and the period of time that must previously elapse; but that the creature destined to meet that untimely fate was adorned with horns and hooves.

All was anxiety till next morning, when, lo! the first object that presented itself was a *bull-calf* hanging in a ladder by the neck, and dead. The animal had put his head through the bars of a ladder, which served as a prop to a falling barn, on the eaves of which some tempting tufts of grass grew, and having lost his footing on the opposite side of a drain by which the barn was surrounded, in trying to extricate himself, he was left suspended to perish!!

The stranger returned home with the reputation of great skill, inferior only to the celebrated Mac Tavish.

Divination by dreams was common; but little attention was paid to the interpreters. O'Keef, an Irishman, however, is said never to have failed in de-

claring the true nature of a dream. He lived many centuries ago, and never dreamed himself.

DIVINATION BY BIRDS.

The flight of eagles, the manner in which a hawk took his game, and the croaking of ravens, were accounted ominous.

If the first wagtail one saw in the spring, stood between him and his home, it foreboded death, a long journey, or a removal from that to another dwelling.

To hear the cuckoo for the first time fasting, foretold ill luck for the ensuing season.

TEIN-EGIN.

Forced or elementary fire was employed for purposes of DIVINATION as well as for performing and counteracting charms and incantations. This fire was extracted by *friction* in various ways: by rapidly boring a dry pine with an auger,; by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together; or by turning a great wheel quickly round till the spindle set fire to some combustible matter.

If any person suspected that he was suffering from the power of witchcraft, either in person or substance, recourse was had to those who professed to counteract the power of darkness. *Tein-Egin* was extracted within the pale of the church yard, or in some solitary building, at midnight. A vessel filled with *river water*

was carried nine times round it; and certain *rhymes* repeated, and in this water the likeness of the wizard or witch was clearly visible.

About the year 1780, a woman whom I knew well afterwards, in her old age, and who passed to her grave with the full reputation of a witch, was, by the elders of the Parish of Laggan, in Inverness-shire, refused permission to sit at the *Lord's Table*, on suspicion of having destroyed, by means of *Tein-Egin*, a young man, who had proved inconstant to her in love.

Tein-Egin was also used to kindle the fire at the performance of the most horrible of all the superstitious rites known to the Gael. This was called

TAIGHGHOIRM NA'N CAHT.

The powers possessed by witches and wizards were various in degree. In general, one wizard had the power of seven witches, and some had the power of seven times seven. It seems that in entering into a compact with the *Prince of Darkness*, which all wizards did, a power was granted them of performing this rite whenever they pleased; and the arch fiend agreed to grant any two boons they might choose to ask, short of double the common life of man, or possessions such as would appear miraculous. It was performed thus: Two warriors, completely armed, met in a barn, or some other solitary building, and kindled a fire by means of Tein-Egin, as already mentioned; repeating, at the same time, certain mystic rhymes. A living *cat* was then spitted, put to

the fire, and turned round in the same manner as a leg of mutton is turned while roasting. In a short time, a black cat entered, and, mentioning the person's name who turned the spit, told him, in good Gaelic, "that that was bad treatment for a cat," ("Solchd an carabh caiht sin.") The turnspit answered the ingressor, that, if he did not keep quiet, he should be treated in the same manner. Black cats continued to arrive at intervals, to repeat the same observation, to receive the same answer, and then to join their voices with the cat on the spit, until near twelve o'clock on Saturday night, which must put an end to their appearance, when a black cat of an uncommon size and appearance, entered, and pronounced a tremendous threat on the operator, if he did not immediately desist: (this was a dæmon o frank, denominated "*Cluasa-leor*," (long pendant ears,) from the resemblance of his ears to those of a spaniel.) Finding at length, his threats in vain, and the time of his exit fast approaching, he tells them in civil terms, to give over, and their request shall be granted. They ask two boons each, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the sable multitude vanish, and the remains of the roasted cats disappear at the same time.

The evil one, it would appear, at first granted this licence from having formed too mean an estimate of human courage and resolution; and, when it became customary, it could not well be withheld. He thought it improbable that any should be found, possessing sufficient resolution to resist every call of nature, (the

indulgence of any of which must have proved fatal,) for three days and three nights, amidst the terrific din of a thousand dæmons, ready to take advantage of the least breach of formality, in order to tear him to pieces. It was understood, that, in addition to the two conditional grants, the prince of darkness was to resign all claims to their services here, and their souls hereafter.

Few, of course, used *Taighghoirm* as the means of arriving at the temple of Fortune, and the names of those who did were long remembered with respect. The word "Taighghoirm," means a house of noise, a term perfectly applicable.

BEL-TEIN or BAEL-TIGHN.

This was, evidently a propitiatory sacrifice to the *Sun*, under the appellation of *Bel* or *Baal*.

La Bel-Tighn was on the first of May. Early on that day Tein-Egin was privately extracted, and kindlings from it carried to every hamlet in the district. At mid-day the people assembled on an eminence, lighted a fire, and spent the remainder of the day in festivity and mirth.

Among the viands on those occasions the principal thing was *The Bonnach Bel-Tighn,* * *the cake consecrated to the coming of Baal, because then the sun began to appear in his strength.* It was composed of oat-meal,

* It is very probable that the word Bun is derived from the Gaelic BONNACH, a cake or loaf, and that the custom of eating Buns on Good-Friday, may owe its origin to the custom of eating the Bonnach Bel-tighn on the first of May.

milk, butter, and eggs. A portion of this cake, as well as of all the other component parts of the feast, was thrown into the fire; and it was believed that this offering induced the Spirit of the sun, Grian-Aise, or Baal, to avert all evil from the produce of the ensuing season. A split stick called Cloan-Bel-Tighn, was also provided by every family, and a portion of every species of corn, grass, herb, and flower that the land produced, placed in the cleft of it. It was then carried three times round the fire, and finally, borne home and deposited above the door, where it remained until the succeeding LA-BEL-TIGHN, or first of May.

OPINIONS RESPECTING THE STATE OF DEPARTED SPIRITS.

The admixture of Christianity with the ancient religion of the Gael, created infinite confusion of ideas, with respect to the state of departed souls. HEAVEN and HELL were sometimes mentioned from the pulpit; but the nurse spoke daily of Flath-inis, and the Hills of their departed kindred, to the children at her knee, and ancient tales of those who had been favoured with visions of the state of the dead, prevented the Christian idea of heaven and hell from ever being properly established. It was supposed that only the souls of the supremely good and brave were received into Flath-inis, and those, only, of the very base and wicked were condemned to the torments of Ifrin. The Hills of their

fathers were in an intermediate state, into which the common run of mankind were received after death.

They had no notion of an immaterial being; but supposed that each spirit, on departing from this mortal habitation, received a body subject to no decay, and that men in a future state enjoyed such pleasures as had been most congenial to their minds in this, without being subject to any of the evils "that flesh is heir to."

The belief in the *Hills of Spirits* began, in general, to give way soon after the reformation, and in some parts of the Highlands it soon disappeared altogether. Others, however, proved more tenacious of it, and, among some clans and branches of clans, it lingered until very lately. The ORC, a high conical hill in Inverness-shire, was regarded by the *House* of *Crubin*, of the clan Macpherson, as their future inheritance; and the *House* of *Garva*, of the same race, believed that their spirits should inhabit TOM-MOR. On the entrance of every new inhabitant, those hills were seen by persons at a certain distance, in a state of illumination. Tom-mor was seen on fire, for the last time, I believe, about thirty years ago, and it was confidently asserted that some member of the house of Garva was passing from *this* into a *better* state of existence. But no death being heard of in the neighbourhood for some days, an opinion, already on the decline, was on the eve of being consigned to utter contempt, when, to the confusion of the sceptics, news arrived that the daughter of a gentleman of the house of Garva had expired at Glasgow, at

the very moment Tom-mor had been seen on a blaze. But into whatever state the departed spirit passed, it had, for a time, to return to perform a sacred duty on earth. This was

FAIRE CHLOIDH,

(THE GRAVE WATCH.)

It was the duty of the spirit of the last person interred, to stand centry at the grave-yard gate, from sun-set until the crowing of the cock, every night, until regularly relieved. This, sometimes, in thinly inhabited parts of the country, happened to be a tedious and severe duty; and the duration of the *Faire Chloidh* gave the deceased's surviving friends, sometimes, much uneasiness.

About thirty years ago a young man had an interview with the ghost of a neighbour's wife, while she watched at the gate of old Laggan church-yard. She was cloathed in a comfortable mantle of snow-white flannel, adorned with red crosses, and appeared now, though a very old woman at her decease, in the full bloom of youth and beauty. She told him that she enjoyed the felicity of Flath-inis, and they exchanged *snuff mulls*. She directed him to a hidden treasure she had hoarded, and desired it might be added to the fortune of her daughter, who, she said, was to be married on a certain day, which she named, and, strange to say, though the girl was not then courted, she became a wife on the day foretold.

NOTE e, PAGE 16.

"Fare thee well, thou sacred circle."

It was a vulgar opinion that the spirits of such as were buried in foreign countries, were obliged to perform a nightly pilgrimage to their native hills, in order to commune with the spirits of their kindred. To obviate this posthumous inconvenience, when a Highlander happened to die at a distance, his family, though, perhaps, at the expense of their last shilling, esteemed it a sacred duty to have his remains carried home, and deposited among the remains of his ancestors. The corpse was all the way borne on the shoulders of men, who found it requisite sometimes to lay down their burden, by the way side, to rest themselves. On such occasions, a *cairn*, or heap of stones, was raised on the spot, and it was customary for every person that passed, as long as any could be found in the vicinity, to augment it by a stone.

Cairns were sometimes raised on other occasions. Before the Highlanders entered the pass of DRUIMUACAR, 1689, on their way to join Dundee, they erected a *cairn* by putting in each man a stone. As many of them as returned, after their victory at RAON-RUARI,—Killy-crankie,—raised a second cairn in the same manner, but, alas! it was not above half the size of the first.

The Highlanders thought this unproductive victory

dearly purchased by the loss of so many brave men, and, above all, by the death of Lord Dundee, or, as he was emphatically called, Clavers—their general, who it is believed was shot from behind, by a fanatic, who, by feigning different principles, contrived, with a view to his destruction, to become his servant.

NOTE f, PAGE 17.

"AIR.—Roy's Wife."

This fine Gaelic air is, at least, two hundred years old. By the bye, the last stanza of the popular song "Roy's Wife," has been rendered absolute nonsense, by the creation of the uncouth term, WALLOCH, as a convenient rhyme for ALDIVALLOCH. On reading the stanza in question, a stranger is naturally led to suppose that the Highland WALLOCH is a popular dance in the north; though it is quite certain that such a dance was never heard of there, nor, indeed, any where else, except in "Roy's Wife."

NOTE g, PAGE 22.

AIR.—"Tha n'oiche nocdh ro anranach." &c.

This air is the same as the Lowland air "She rose and let me in—" The Gaelic air is of considerable antiquity.

NOTE h, PAGE 34.

Glen Troom, or Truim, is a very romantic valley in the district of Badenoch. It receives its appellation from the TRUIM, a tributary stream to the SPEY, which flows through it over a channel of round polished pebbles, so remarkably white, that where the stream is of considerable depth, it appears to the eye quite shallow.

Within a short distance of Glen-Troom is Loch-Erroch, a beautiful expanse of water, fourteen miles long, and from one to two broad. In wild magnificence and romantic beauty, with the exception, perhaps, of the valleys of Loch-Laggan and Loch-Ness, Loch-Erroch-side yields to no place in Scotland. Tradition says that it was formed by the inundation of the Parish of St. Peter; and very *quick-sighted* persons pretend to see the walls of the Parish Church in clear weather.

NOTE i, PAGE 44.

AIR.—"Gligram Choss"

"I am pleased that you are reconciled to the 'Quaker's Wife,' though, by the bye, an old Highland gentleman, and a deep antiquarian, tells me it is a Gaelic air, and known by the name of Leiger and Choss.

Burns.—Letter to Thompson, October, 1793.

Leiger am Choss, or rather "An Gligram Chos," is much older than even George Fox, and has, therefore, a fair claim to be considered as the original.

NOTE k, PAGE 49.

In *wrestling* ringlets flowed her hair, &c.

Falt na dhualabh cuahach cleachdach.—

The author of this elegant line is unknown. Like all fine poetical expressions, it has been so much hackneyed that its beauty is generally overlooked.

NOTE l, PAGE 49.

She was a beam of life and light—

Geug s'hollais lan sonais.—Wm. Ross.

An deo-ghreine bheothail ur—Anon.

She is a sun-beam full of life and youth.

Lord Byron can hardly be supposed to have had either of these verses in view when he said of one of his heroines, that, "*She was a form of life and light.*"

NOTE m, PAGE 55.

Air.—"An Gille du' cair du'."

This fine air is attributed to a Highland Sapho of the thirteenth century. Burns became so ena-

moured of it, on hearing it sung by a lady, during his peregrination to the mountains, that he immediately wrote verses to it; and it became then known, for the first time, I believe, to the English reader. To the same poet's taste for the beauties of *simple melody*, and to the same lady's singing, we owe the "Banks of Devon," called in Gaelic, "Banairach dhonn a chruigh."

NOTE n, PAGE 58.]

The Hunter of the Moor.—A Ballad.

The names and localities are the only fictions in this ballad.

NOTE o, PAGE 63.

AIR.—"Morag."

This deservedly popular air, though very ancient, became known in the capital of Scotland, only fifty or sixty years ago. I think not so early. "The young Highland Rover," and another song, both by Burns, are the only English words hitherto adapted to it.

Morag and Mary are the Chloe and Phillis of the Gaelic bards.

NOTE p, PAGE 69.

When *Scotia*, heavenly maid, was young—

When *Music*, heavenly maid, was young—

COLLINS.

NOTE q, PAGE 70.

Old Time on eagle pinions flew,
And Valour saw the light.

Old Time exulted as he flew,
And Independence saw the light.

SMOLLETT.

NOTE r, PAGE 104.

When on that promontory's misty brow,
Whence hapless Sapho dashed the waves below, &c.

Venus, having long in vain sought her lover Adonis, found him, at length, dead upon the island of Leucadia, in the temple of Apollo. The god was so moved at her grief that he led her to the *promontory* of *Leucas*, and told her, that by throwing herself from the top of the precipice, the violence of her grief would certainly abate; she did so, and succeeded. Curiosity prompted her to enquire the cause of so wonderful an effect; and Apollo told her that Jupiter, inflamed with love of Juno, reclined on this rock till his desire cooled, and from that time many lovers had broke the chains of Cupid, by flinging themselves from the top; whence it was called "The lover's leap."

Sapho, while under the influence of a violent passion for Phaon, a youth of Mitylene, prayed to Venus for relief; the goddess advised her to try "The lover's leap," she complied and perished in making the experiment.

In ancient times it was a custom with mariners, on passing the promontory of Leucas, to make an offering of money to Venus; and among the numerous heathen rites engrafted on christianity, this is one; for, at the present day, not a boat passes the place without offering some oboli, as a propitiatory offering to the Virgin, who has succeeded to many more of the dignities and honours formerly enjoyed by the goddess of Love.

NOTE s, PAGE 106.

Solemn and slow came hoary Winter forth,
Not like the tyrant of the frozen north, &c.

"The winter in the Ionian Isles and adjacent parts of Greece, according to our acceptation of the word, is never severe. The thermometer is frequently as low as 45° and 40° of Fahrenheit, but seldom falls to the freezing point. The winter continues hardly two months, and, during that time, it is an alternation of a few days of cold, with many days of the most delightful spring weather.

"In February begins the spring. Now the modest violet, the hyacinth, the ranunculus, the jonquil, and the rose, display their beauties; and these are followed by others, in succession, throughout the whole year. Even the short winter has its verdure and its flowers. In this month, also, the apricot, the almond, the plum, the peach, and other early fruit trees appear in full blossom. About the beginning of March the blossoms of

the pear, the apple, and the cherry trees, load the air with their fragrance. At this season we may form an imperfect idea of what the earth must have been before the disobedience of man drew a curse upon it. Every day now ushers in new blessings, and every living creature, from the lark that soars and sings, to the worm that crawls in the dust, rejoice in their existence. When the months of February and March prove favourable, spring cherries may be gathered in April. May produces the most delicious green figs; and the corn harvest begins in June. The olive harvest is gathered in November, and citrons, oranges, and lemons may be pulled the whole year round, the blossoms and fruit appearing at the same time upon the same tree."

Such is the poetical, but correct account, given by Baron Theotoky, of his native island of Corfu; so that Homer's account of the garden of Alcinous, may be no more than a highly coloured picture of some princely garden of Corcyra, in his own time.

NOTE t, PAGE 107.

Raise, raise, fair Hellas! raise on high thy voice! &c.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice!
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, &c.

CHURCHILL.

NOTE u, PAGE 113.

The poet heard no more, and from his sight
The vision vanished in a blaze of light, &c.

" And wear thou this," she solemn said,
And bound the HOLLY round my head:
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.
BURNS.

NOTE x, PAGE 114.

Like Winter mingling with the bloom of May, &c.

Though the island of Ithaca exhibits many marks of the industry of its ancient inhabitants, in modern times, only the valleys, and a few spots, here and there, on the sides of the mountains, which require little labour, are cultivated; and the contrast those little verdant fields form with the general barrenness and aridity that surround them, is extremely pleasing to the eye.

NOTE y, PAGE 115.

See yonder pile, torn by the teeth of Time, &c.

To the north-east of the island of Ithaca, on an eminence, overlooking the bay of Asphalles, are the ruins of a building, called, by the inhabitants, HOMERS'

SCHOOL; for Ithaca is one of the numerous places that claim the very high honour of having given birth to the *immortal poet*. And, certainly, the exactness of his descriptions of it seems to put it beyond a doubt, that, whether born there or not, he must have been personally acquainted with its geography before he wrote the Odyssey. He has, with the utmost minuteness, described places so insignificant, and, in themselves, so little remarkable, that the names of them could not have travelled beyond the island. In fact, nothing but their having been endeared to his mind by early associations, could have, in my opinion, induced him to mention them at all. His partiality to Ithacus, Nestor, Laertes, the father of Ulysses, the shepherd Eumæus, and Telemachus, strongly to induce the opinion that he was drawing, under fictitious names, the characters of persons well known to him. The fidelity of his topographical descriptions of such parts of Corfu as he mentions, shew such intimate knowledge of that island, as an inhabitant of Ithaca, from the proximity of the places, might be supposed to possess.

NOTE z, PAGE 115.

Yon other *ruin* crumbling into dust, &c.

On Mount Aito, a ridge connecting the more elevated mountains of Neios and Neritos, in the centre of the island, is shewn the ruins of the castle in which Ulysses is said to have destroyed the suitors.

NOTE a, PAGE 116.

The lovely Arethusa, Nalad queen, &c.

Towards the north-east extremity of the island the coast is very bold and rocky. In one place, in particular, it rises perpendicularly to a considerable height. Over this precipice commences a valley, narrow at the bottom, and widening towards the top, something in the shape of a shoe-horn, or, rather, in that of a bisected trumpet, ascending on a rapid elevation for several hundred yards, until terminated by the abrupt rise, to a height of near a hundred feet, of a white rock, the Korax of Homer.

In rainy weather a considerable body of water falls over this rock, into the valley below, and foams and boils over an uneven channel, until it comes to the second precipice, over which it shoots with great majesty into the sea. Near the bottom of the valley is seen, in retired loveliness, the *fountain Arethusa*, which is approached by only one steep and rugged footpath; close to which is shewn, a little below, the site of a bath, surrounded with artificial turf seats. The whole of this romantic valley is overgrown with the most beautiful ever-green shrubbery, such as Mastich, Myrtle, &c. The water of the fountain is confined in front, by a wall, which, with the scooped sides of the rock from which it issues, at the rate of two gallons and a half per minute, forms a basin, of about six feet long, three wide,

and two deep. I found the names of many travellers scratched on the rock, which is soft lime-stone.

NOTE b, PAGE 116.

And Sloth and Apathy their bodies scrape,
In form of men, with many a gaunt and gape—

This description was more applicable to the Ionian islanders, under the iniquitous government of the Venetians, which took from them all motives to activity and industry, than it is at the present day. The Venetians, indeed, introduced as many of their own vices among their Greek subjects *as they could*. Accustomed to see their rulers set all justice at nought, by evasion and chichanery, the Greeks became deceitful and evasive in their turns. Lying, meanness, and duplicity, are, therefore, their principal faults.

Late tourists and essayists have, however, in addition to these, accused them of a horrible catalogue of other vices; such as an over-ruling disposition to murder and revenge, want of conjugal fidelity, parental and filial affection, and, what I should not expect, above all, *cowardice*. When such complicated depravity is asserted to pervade a people, overwhelming proofs ought to be adduced in support of the assertion. I am aware that isolated instances of the existence of all those vices may be produced, but to bring them forward, with a view of casting an imputation upon a whole people, would be something like quoting the

Newgate Calender as a proof of the general immorality of Englishmen.

Our writers on the Ionian islands have, correctly enough, described their rural feasts, when the young men and the young women perform the *Cretan dance, and converse, without restriction, beneath the spreading olives:* yet, almost in the same breath, they tell us that marriages of affection never take place; and that a couple *never see each other* until their union is decided upon by their relations. Now, if we had been told that the sexes were kept entirely separate before marriage, this might obtain credit; but, to suppose young men and young women, who are freely permitted to *dance and converse under the shade,* should not fall in love, and surmount all obstacles to come together, is quite absurd. The fact is, that marriages of interest are too common; but marriages of love are also frequent. How can it be otherwise among Greeks, a people whose passions are as warm and volatile as the sky that covers them is bright and brilliant? We are again told, of a people, the one third of whose young and middle aged men are always afloat, that a slight breeze terrifies them!! And this, in defiance of the well known fact, that the Septinsulars are the best sailors in the Mediterranean. Enough of their characters as soldiers, has been seen to prove it of the highest order; for we had no finer troops last war than the Greek light infantry, nor braver, as far as could be judged from the few opportunities they had of shewing their courage. The physical qualities of strength,

beauty, and agility, they possess in high perfection; and their quickness of perception and brilliancy of imagination, give them a mental superiority over most nations. They are hospitable, charitable, and religious; good sons, good husbands, and good fathers: virtues which they have retained in spite of oppression and bad example.

Such is the view which an intimate intercourse of five years, with the SEPTINSULARS, has enabled me to take of their character, which, under the British government, is still rising in the scale of morality.

The benevolent exertions of Sir Patrick Ross, during his RESIDENCY of three years in Santa Maura, effected a great deal towards the amelioration of the character and condition of the people of that island. At his arrival in 1816, misery of every description was to be met with in the public streets; poverty and sickness, pining in filth and rags, were common;—but at his departure for Zante, in 1819, nothing was to be seen but active industry and cheerful faces. I admit that all the other islands might not have been equally fortunate in their immediate superintendants, but, still, much improvement was observable in all.

NOTE c, PAGE 153.

I hear the hills re-echo Scotland's woe—

Though what is here presaged came terribly to pass in the years 1745 and 1746, there is little doubt but the

government, by a different line of conduct, might have prevented all the miseries and bloodshed that ensued.

"Mc Donald of Glencoe, having been one day later than the time prescribed, in making his submission to King William, the earl of Braidalbin, his private enemy, devoted him to destruction. He represented him at court as an incorrigible rebel, and a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed that he had paid no regard to the proclamation; and proposed that the government should sacrifice him to the quiet of the kingdom, by extirpating him, with his family and dependents, by military execution. His advice was supported by the suggestions of the other Scottish ministers; and the king, whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people, though it does not appear that he knew of Mc Donald's submission. An order for this barbarous execution, signed and counter-signed by his majesty's own hand, being transmitted to the master of Stair, secretary for Scotland, he sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging him to take no prisoners, that the scene might be more terrible. In the month of February captain Campbell of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's Highland

regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Mc Donald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered as friends, and promised upon his honour that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal period approached. Mc Donald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual expressions of the warmest affection. The younger Mc Donald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicions to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity; nevertheless the two young men went forth privately to make observations. They overheard the common soldiers say they liked not the work; that though they would willingly have fought the Mc Donalds of the Glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood; but that their officers were answerable for their treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprize their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded, they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children, and, being destitute of arms, secured their own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old

man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrincken, Mc Donald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question; a boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Eight and thirty persons suffered in this manner, the greatest part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred: but some of the detachments did not arrive in time to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the face of the whole country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their

friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance. This barbarous massacre, perpetrated under the sanction of king William's authority, though it answered the immediate purpose of the government, by striking terror into the hearts of the Jacobite Highlanders, excited the horror of all those who had not renounced every sentiment of humanity, and produced such an aversion to the government, as all the arts of ministers could never totally surmount."

SMOLLETT'S HIST. OF ENGLAND,
Vol. viii. page 437.

The desire of the Highlanders to revenge this inhuman massacre was beginning to abate, when the arbitrary treatment which the Highland Watch * experienced from the ministers of Geo. II, again brought this black page of British history to their recollection, and generated in their minds a rooted hatred to all foreign dynasties. The WATCH was originally raised from the sons of gentlemen and substantial Highland farmers, so that almost every family in the country was interested in their fate. They had been enlisted as a local guard, to put a stop to the depredations of the moss-troopers; but they suffered themselves to be decoyed to England, under false pretences, where they were disarmed and ordered on foreign service. This being a direct infringement of their engagement,

* Now the 42d Royal Highlanders.

the Highlanders, to the number of 400, put themselves under the conduct of two brothers, Æneas and Andrew Macpherson, both non-commissioned officers, and the sons of one of the principal gentlemen of their clan. They then marched for Scotland. A troop of horse was immediately dispatched in pursuit of them, and they were induced, by the promise of a general pardon, to return to their colours. This promise was, however, shamefully violated, and the two brothers tried for mutiny and shot.

THE END.

D. Jaques, Printer, Chelsea.

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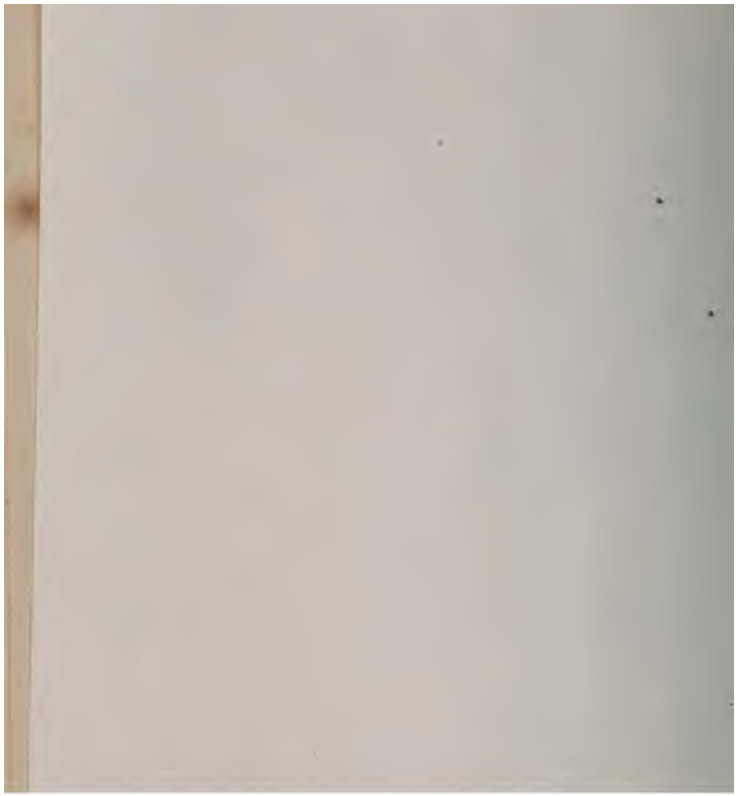

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